£15 EACH FOR WINNERS IN LIMERICK CONTEST.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

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ANOTHER COMPETITION ANNOUNCED INSIDE.

There once was a Liverpool lad,
Whose luck was remarkably bad,
He invested in cotton,
Which proved to be rotten,
. . . . . .

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HOME NOTES. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

THE NEW CURRANT BISCUIT

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VERY HANDSOME Solid Pearl Necklet from Bethlehem, 4/-.—Greening, East Parade, Dorchester.

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LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

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"HOW TO WIN PRIZE COMPETITIONS."—Famous Winners' Secrets, 1/-.—Publisher 8 Pollitt Street, Barnsley.

CESTRIA DELICIA, very lasting Scent, 2/-, 3/6, post free from maker.—Milling, Chemist, Chester.

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LIGHTNING FIRELIGHTERS light quickest, burn longest; cheap; wonderful; 1d. packets; all dealers.—Gill's, Heckmondwike.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity), 2/9. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

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YOU can earn 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply T., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele, and its consequent nervous troubles, should send for Illustrated Treatise giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures. Sent sealed, post free.—The Marston Co., 58 Chancery Lane, London. Established 60 years.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies.—Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 101 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FOUNTAIN PENS.—Best obtainable, with latest shut-off valve, 14-ct. Gold Nib, 4/6 post free.—The Kraxograph Co., 37 Surrey Street, Sheffield.

SOMETHING GOOD.—A Funny Novelty. Six very amusing Stereoscope Photos (mounted), 1/6 (all business by post only).—Hyams, 72, Dean Street, Birmingham.

BABY CARS direct from factory on approval, carriage paid. We save you 5/- in the £1. Cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Send for splendid new catalogue free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 105), Coventry.

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The rider of a SINGER has that se... which a machine of ... its owner, whilst the SINGER PE... PECT OIL BATH CASE ... charms in cycling.

TERMS TO SUIT ALL.

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Delicious COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary...

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 882. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 13, 1907. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

Are Free Libraries Unfair to Authors?

Famous Writers and Their Opinions.

[*Recently, a correspondent—evidently no whole-souled admirer of Mr. Andrew Carnegie—wrote to me denouncing free libraries as unfair to authors, his contention being that a great many well-to-do people who could afford to buy books made use of the free institutions, and thus robbed the author of his just dues. Without in any way agreeing with my correspondent, the point seemed of general interest, and I invited some famous authors to give me their opinions on the matter.*—ED. *Pearson's.*]

Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., Novelist, playwright, poet, politician, and world-wide traveller.

I AM wholly in favour of free libraries. It is quite likely that well-to-do people, who ought to pay for the privileges provided by a free library, take advantage of them, and throw the cost of their reading upon public liberality; but, on the whole, the case is for a free library.

No doubt, there are a great many people who can afford to buy books, or to subscribe to a circulating library—so indirectly paying for the books—who fail to do so; and the multiplication of free libraries, of course, limits the direct sale of books, more particularly as they do not purchase so many copies of a book as a circulating library.

In the United States the circulating libraries and the free libraries are few by comparison, and are not patronised as they are patronised here, with the result that the American people are great book-buyers. Per head of the population they probably purchase in the ratio of three to one, compared with the people of the United Kingdom.

Mr. E. F. BENSON, Author of "Dodo," and many other widely-read works.

PERSONALLY I am quite unable to understand why authors think that free libraries are unfair. It seems to me quite certain that those people who read books in free libraries are never possible purchasers of 4s. 6d. fiction, but that if they read a book that they happen to like they may conceivably buy it when we (the authors) attain our apotheosis and come out at 6d.

But no free library reader, surely, would ever think of buying new fiction at the 4s. 6d. price.

I daresay I am quite wrong, but, as a matter of fact, I have never considered the question till this moment.

Mrs. L. T. MEADE, whose stories are always in demand.

IN my opinion, the main thing that is necessary for an author is to have his book read. As the library system is the recognised means of circulating books—why should not the free library have its chance?

By this means the author's book will reach a class of readers who otherwise would never hear of it. This must be for his benefit.

Were there no circulating libraries, and were all the vast reading public obliged to buy their books—the author might be better off, and be able to do more valuable work—but, as matters are, I am quite in favour of the free library.

Mr. EGERTON CASTLE, Author of "The Incomparable Bellairs," "If Youth but Knew," and other well-known novels and plays.

IT appears to me that there is very little, if any, difference between the effect of free libraries and ordinary circulating libraries, upon the receipts of an author.

The "publicity"—to express in one word the number of people who can read a given book in a given lapse of time—the publicity of a book is a definite quantity, not affected by the fact that the book is read in a "free" library or taken from a circulating one, always assuming that the book was originally bought of the publisher.

I suppose that the difference between the two kinds of libraries is primarily that, in the "free," there will, as a rule, only be *one* copy, whereas the circulating library will purchase *as many as there will be a profitable demand for.* But in either case the number of people, *per copy*, who read the book without actually purchasing it for themselves, will remain proportional to the number of copies obtainable.

Keeping this fact in view, there is, I take it, nothing more "unfair"—an unsuitable word at best—in a free library than in the usual circulating institution. The word "unfair," in any case, appears to me rather absurd. If we admit that expression, as attaching to the reading of a book which has not actually been purchased by the reader, then it is unfair to lend any new book to anyone.

Besides, all said and done, the financial damage caused to authors by the free library must ever remain infinitesimal—readers in such institutions would never be purchasers, in any numbers worth reckoning in the sales of a book.

Free libraries are such invaluable institutions, in all respects, that I think it would be wrong to raise this cry of "unfairness" against them.

Mr. PERCY WHITE, Novelist and journalist. Author of "Mr. Bailey Martin," and "Park Lane," etc.

I HAVE never seen enough evidence on the subject of free libraries and authors. So far as the libraries are used by readers who otherwise would get books from the circulating libraries, the author suffers; on the other hand if his books come into the hands of people who otherwise would be unaware of his existence he is rewarded by an extension of his reputation.

Personally I would prefer to see newspapers and current fiction excluded from the free libraries. So far as I have observed, the feeblest novels and the most sensational newspapers are the most popular, and I can see no reason why the public should be provided with either at the ratepayers' expense. However, I have never had an opportunity of looking into the question.

Mr. W. W. JACOBS, Who jumped into popularity with his humorous stories.

I GIVE it up. I am not going to attempt riddles to which there is no satisfactory answer.

Mr. W. E. NORRIS, The well-known Society novelist.

I AM afraid I cannot give an opinion of the least value upon the question of whether free libraries are or are not unfair to authors, as I have absolutely no data to go upon.

It is, one must assume, a question of whether or not the people who use free libraries would, under any circumstances, buy the books that they read there, and that again seems to depend upon who the people who use free libraries are.

Personally, I should conjecture that very popular authors might perhaps lose a little in this way, but that no appreciable harm would be done to the great majority.

All rights reserved.

As the young man was taking leave for the night, his voice, as he stood at the door, rose passionately on the still night air.

"Just one?" he pleaded—"just one!"

Then the young girl's mother interrupted, calling from her bedroom window:

"Just one?" she cried. "No, it ain't quite that yet; but it's close on to twelve, and so I think you'd better be goin' just the same."

£15 APIECE FOR WINNERS!

The first Limerick Competition has now closed, and about 6,000 readers have filled up the last line of the verse which dealt with the "young man of Kildare, whose face was all covered with hair." At the moment of writing, Mr. Frank Richardson is gallantly wrestling with the attempts, and we shall publish next week the names of the ten winners selected by him.

Meanwhile, you should enter at once for the competition announced below, in which we hope the prizes will be even bigger.

UNLIMITED CASH PRIZES FOR INGENIOUS READERS. . . . .

First of all, what is a limerick? It is a verse built on lines similar to the following:

There was a young fellow of Burleigh,
Whose hair was short, crisp, and curly,
But the side of his face
Had got out of place,
And made him look awfully surly.

Below you will find the first four lines of a limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the announcement, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Cotton" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Thursday, June 13th.

The whole of the amount received will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered by the adjudicator to be the best. No deduction whatever will be made in any shape or form.

The method of deciding the contest is a novel one. The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN,

the notable author, whose keen judgment and strict impartiality make him an ideal adjudicator.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or destruction of any attempt submitted.

The published decision must be accepted as final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

There once was a Liverpool lad,
Whose luck was remarkably bad,
He invested in cotton,
Which proved to be rotten

_____

_____

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

NOT EVEN REPORTED.

"FATHER," said the young man, as he leaned on his hoe, "they say the balance of trade is against us as a nation."

"They do—eh?"

"And that our bank reserves are rapidly diminishing."

"D'ye tell me so?"

"And that railway extension has come to a halt."

"Well, I never!"

"And that Government securities are substantially without a market."

"No! And do they say anything about a fellow stopping to lean on his hoe to talk, when he might just as well talk and hoe at the same time?"

The young man resumed.

"AH, my dear Mr. Briefless," said Mr. Hardcash, seizing the young barrister's hand and shaking it warmly, "I am so immensely obliged to you. That case of mine the other day, you know—I won it triumphantly."

"Thanks," replied Briefless; "but did I represent you?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied Hardcash; "you represented the other man."

THE OTHER ATTRACTION.

SHE could not restrain her curiosity when she saw that the envelope was unsealed, and forthwith extracted the contents.

A great frown spoiled her pretty face as she read the invoice:

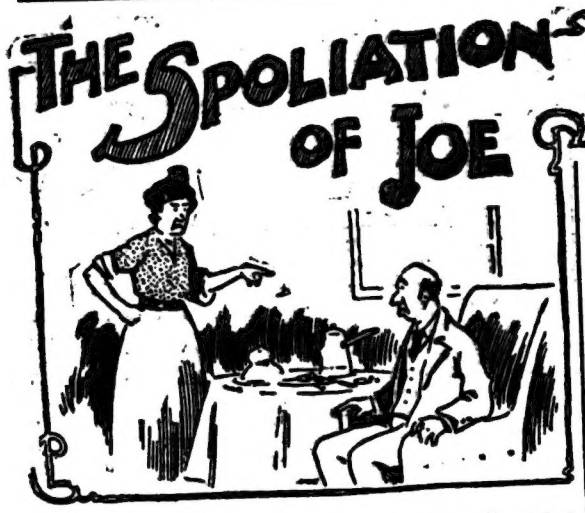
"To one new bonnet, grey, lined with gold, to suit Ariel, £6 6s."

A mist swam before her eyes. She had never in her life been able to pay six guineas for a bonnet. And who was Ariel? The name sounded like a music-hall—and—oh, oh——

But just as she was settling down into a swoon the explanation flashed across her, and she laughed the laugh of the joyous, as she remembered that her husband's motor-car sported a "bonnet."

"Can a Politician Be an Honest Man?" Read John Foster Fraser's opinion in the June RAPID.

THE SPOLIATION OF JOE



Explaining what Happened when a Rural Gentleman Fancied His Illness was Fatal.

By STACEY BLAKE.

MR. JOE BARLEYFORD turned from his bacon at breakfast in a way that irritated his landlady, and caused her to make caustic remarks about people who wallowed in beer overnight so that they had to turn from good food in the morning.

"I s'pose," she said when she came in and found the rasher untouched, "that it's just another way of saying the food ain't good enough for you."

"The fact is, Mrs. Green," said Mr. Barleyford, who was a temperate man, though he had his faults, as most of the inhabitants of Long Twiddleford could testify, "the fact is I don't feel very well this morning. In fact, I feel very bad, and that's the truth," and he turned upon her a lack-lustre eye, and sighed heavily.

"My last lodger died in your very—in the 'ouse," observed Mrs. Green thoughtfully. "Now, I do 'ope——"

"Oh, be quiet! I'm as strong as a—as a—as anything," said Mr. Barleyford petulantly. "I've never been ill in my life."

"No, it's them sort as goes off like the snuff of a candle," returned the lady, watching him with fierce suspicion as though she suspected he had it in his malignant mind to die specially so that she should lose a lodger.

Mr. Barleyford, being in possession of a snug little income, did not have to go to work, and he sat half the morning disconsolately in his sitting-room, till at length he grew to dislike the attentions of his landlady, who looked into the room with an unpleasant curiosity every half-hour, so much, that he put on his hat and went out.

Away from the depressing influence of his lodgings, he felt slightly better, and he made for the Hanging Haddock in search of a modest quencher. He sat down in the bar behind a mug of lime-juice and soda, which was the strongest liquid he ever drank, when his doleful countenance speedily attracted the notice of such of the regular clients as were there.

"Not looking yourself, Joe, this morning," said Mr. Morgan, the village carpenter.

Mr. Barleyford, looking up, remembered that Mr. Morgan made the coffins for Long Twiddleford, and he resented the remark as being not disinterested.

"My health's my own concern, George," he said.

"What, got out of bed the wrong side this morning?" said old Jim Faggot.

"It's that lime-juice wot is killing him, my opinion," observed Jack Swaffham over the rim of his blue mug.

"I certainly don't like the look of his ears," remarked Alf Chickweed critically. "That 'ealthy pink don't seem to be there."

"And I tell you I feel awful bad," confessed Mr. Barleyford. "You don't know how jolly bad I feel."

"If you'll take my tip," said Mr. Morgan with rare disinterestedness, "you'll pop over to Market Slowcombe and see Dr. Hackett."

"Such things shouldn't be neglected," observed Mr. Faggot, shaking his head.

Mr. Barleyford turned away from his lime-juice as he had from his breakfast bacon. He confessed that all the pleasure of taste had left him, and that he felt a miserable—he didn't know what."

"Ha!" sighed Mr. Faggot, who was the hardest-up man in Long Twiddleford. "It only shows that our money don't save us when we've got to go."

"You shut up, Jim Faggot," said Mr. Barleyford resentfully.

"If you're a bit nervous about going up to old Hackett's, two or three of us'll go with you," volunteered Mr. Morgan. "I always believe in giving a chap a helping 'and."

"Let's all go," proposed Mr. Swaffham. "A chap wot's in trouble wants plenty of support."

The idea was received with acclamation. Each man declared that he was off work that day, and that a holiday was what he most desired, and when Mr. Morgan proposed that they should go in his trap instead of walking the four miles, Mr. Swaffham impulsively declared that Joe Barleyford ought to be thankful he'd got such a true friend.

When the five of them crowded into Mr. Morgan's trap, there was not much room left over, but this fact was not allowed to interfere with the gaiety of the party.

"We've got to keep Joe's spirits up," said Mr. Swaffham, bursting into a song.

"Be 'appy, Joe," said Mr. Faggot. "I expect it's only measles, or scarlet fever, or cholera you're sickening for."

"Only what?" gasped Mr. Barleyford.

"People often get over them things nowadays," put in Mr. Morgan encouragingly.

"Now something with a chorus," suggested Mr. Faggot, feeling that the conversation was not in the right line.

"'See that me grave's kept green,' is one of my favourites," confessed Mr. Swaffham.

These well-meant endeavours to keep up the spirits of the indisposed Mr. Barleyford cannot be said to have met with much success, for by the time they reached Market Slowcombe and Dr. Hackett's house he was plunged into a deeper gloom than ever.

Dr. Hackett was a small man with a glaring eye and an unctuous manner. He eyed the little crowd that stepped into his consulting room with no little surprise.

"That's him, sir, Joe Barleyford," said Mr. Morgan, pointing to that individual. "He's feeling altogether broken up, and he wants you to have a look at him. We're only with him as friends—to help him to bear his trouble."

Mr. Faggot said a word or two to support this sentiment, though, as his mouth was full with the sandwich he was eating, his words were not very intelligible.

Mr. Barleyford came forward, with a green look about his gills that would have put the emerald shutters of Dr. Hackett's house to shame had he been outside, and he sank into a chair with a groan, while the eminent physician looked at him critically. He felt his pulse and looked at his tongue, sounded his heart and lungs, and tapped him all over the body.

At last Dr. Hackett spoke. "You must prepare yourself for what I am going to tell you," he said.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Barleyford.

"I only give you two days to live," he said. "How you have lived so long with a heart like that is a puzzle."

"Two days?" echoed Mr. Barleyford, "counting to-day?"

"I shouldn't like to give you over to-morrow night," returned Dr. Hackett with a shake of his head, and his wild eyes glaring.

"I'm glad we came," said Mr. Swaffham when they got outside. "At least, we know what to expect. We sha'n't hope against hope now."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Morgan, "it's dreadful to be cut off unprepared. It's better to know. Do you think you could do a little dinner at the Blue Hedgehog while you're here, Joe?"

Mr. Barleyford shook his head miserably.

"It's the last chance you'll ever have of taking a shilling ordinary," said Mr. Faggot. "I should make the most of your time, Joe."

"There's one thing," observed Mr. Chickweed, with a note of cheerfulness, "I don't think he'll have much pain."

"And there ain't much in life, after all," sighed Mr. Swaffham with a view to giving Mr. Barleyford a resigned spirit, "and it's better to be cut off young than to live to be a nuisance to yourself and everybody else. Ha, me! P'r'aps a peck at a bit of dinner will help you to see things in a proper light."

During the dinner Mr. Faggot discovered that he was without any money. "Never mind," he said, "p'r'aps Joe'll pay. You can't take your money with you, Joe."

Then a strange thing happened, which only shows how circumstances will alter natures. Mr. Barleyford had never been known to pay for anything for anybody in his life, but in a tremulous voice he said that he would pay for the whole lot of dinners.

Mr. Faggot then said he was the most noble-hearted man alive, and that he personally would do anything to keep him among them.

"Much better it is," he observed warmly, "to get rid of your money while you're alive."

"Oh, yes; I've been a bad one," muttered the unfortunate Barleyford. "Oh, you don't know how bad I've been."

Mr. Faggot led the unfortunate man back to the subject of the disposal of his wealth. "There's Carnegie, f'rinstance," he said. "Old Carnegie wants to give away all his money while he's alive. Now, Joe, if you——"

"Yes, I should like to make amends," broke out Mr. Barleyford. "I should like to give a free library to Long Twiddleford, so that people would think well of me after I was gone."

"A free refreshment-room would be more popular, to my mind," declared Mr. Chickweed.

But Mr. Barleyford was adamant on this point, and he went so far as to suggest an immediate visit to lawyer Smith, who had his affairs in hand.

"And if there's any legacies you'd like to leave to your friends," suggested Mr. Faggot.

"I wish I had as much money," said Mr. Swaffham pointedly; "I'd do some good with it. And, as Jim says, you can't take it with you, Joe."

"I'm not going to try. I'm going to give it all away," cried Mr. Barleyford impulsively.

"Little Twiddleford'll put a statue up of you," declared Mr. Chickweed impulsively, "and I shall be one of the first to subscribe."

"We shall all subscribe," said the other three voices simultaneously.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Morgan with conviction as they started off; "giving all your money away before you go will make you die happy."

Lawyer Smith received the party with no little surprise, and it was particularly noticed that he did not receive any of the projects with any amount of enthusiasm.

"If you wish to make a will," he said to Mr. Barleyford, "making over your estate to these several legatees, whoever they may be, that seems to meet the case. They will come into it after your death, which is regular and proper. As for making it all over now in the form of deeds of gift, it is most unusual."

"You see, sir," explained Mr. Faggot, "Joe would like to see it all settled so's he can die 'appy. He reckons if he leaves it like that, the lawyers'll get most of it."

"My lad, that's the door there," snarled Lawyer Smith.

But Mr. Faggot stood his ground, because he said his old friend, Joe, who was the noblest-hearted man in the world, wanted his help and support in the day of trouble.

Mr. Barleyford remaining firm in his intentions, Lawyer Smith drew paper and pen towards him and took down a memoranda of the various bequests the other desired.

"The ten-acre field I want making over to the trustees for the Long Twiddleford free library," muttered Mr. Barleyford feverishly.

The lawyer took down particulars.

"Then I want to found a charity," continued Mr. Barleyford, "to provide a piece of beef and a load of coals at Christmas to everybody in Long Twiddleford over sixty."

Mr. Faggot, whose age was sixty-one, thought it was a good idea; but the others, who were younger, shook their heads.

"And there's a scholarship for the school, a pump for the village, and a donation for the nursing fund. Them cottages in the main street'll do for that."

"Same trustees?"

Mr. Barleyford nodded. "Then I should like to set the pig club on its legs again—George Morgan here is the treasurer. I'll transfer me waterworks shares for that. And then there's a legacy to my landlady, Mrs. Green, two hundred——"

"Joe!" cried four voices in unison.

"And she's giving you margarine and allus nagging at you!" cried Mr. Faggot.

"I've got to 'ave me funeral from her house," explained the distributor of wealth, and he went on: "Two hundred pounds for Mrs. Green, and fifty pounds apiece for my old pals as are sitting here."

"You've got to work overtime, lawyer," whispered Mr. Morgan. "We're stopping in the town with him till they're all signed."

It was very late when the party reached Long Twiddleford, but luckily Mr. Morgan's mare knew the road well, and she arrived safely, without a hand touching the reins. Had she required guiding, it is doubtful where they would have landed, owing to the circumstance that the time required for the purpose of preparing the various documents had been spent in the warm, fragrant atmosphere of the Blue Hedgehog.

The headaches that the morning brought were not allowed to interfere with the pleasant excitement that the quartette had for dissipation in the village, and long before breakfast everybody knew of the shower of wealth that had fallen on the community.

In short, there was so much excitement in the village that no one could work, and, by almost common and simultaneous consent, a holiday was proclaimed.

So busy was everybody that no one gave a thought to the unfortunate Mr. Barleyford till tea-time, and, when inquiries were made, they heard he had not got up that day.

Everybody had heard about Mrs. Green's legacy but that lady herself, and, when by the afternoon's post came a letter from Lawyer Smith, intimating her of that fact, she hurried up into Mr. Barleyford's room to inquire about it.

"Going to die, are you?" she snapped out. "You've got a bad headache, and that's all, and no wonder, considering the time you came home."

"It's true," murmured Mr. Barleyford weakly. "Dr. Hackett gave me two days to live."

* * *

It was old Jack Parsnip, the carrier from Market Slowcombe, who, dropping into the Hanging Haddock that evening with a parcel, brought some astounding news.

"They've taken poor old Hackett to the asylum," he said, "as mad as mad can be!"

"Eh, what's that?" cried Mr. Morgan with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, and he must have been mad for weeks," said Mr. Parsnip with relish; "and they think he must have done no end of 'arm. His mania's been telling everybody they wuz goin' to die straight off."

This was a bombshell, in truth; and for a long time the legatees at the Hanging Haddock were too stunned for either words or action.

"But wot's done is done," gasped Mr. Swaffham. "'Ow can he go back on them signatures?"

It was not long before the news filtered up to Mrs. Green and to Mr. Barleyford himself, and it was less time before the latter was up and dressed, and down in the bar of that same hostelry. He came in like a whirlwind.

"It's all off," he roared; "all jolly well off."

"Joe," said Mr. Swaffham, wagging his finger, "I'm s'prised at you. You ought to be preparing yourself for your solim end."

"End, be blowed!" cried Mr. Barleyford. "I never felt better in my life. I've been swindled, done, rooked, rushed. There ain't going to be no free library, and no pump, and no scholarships, and no blooming Christmas blow-outs, legacies, or deeds of gift. Old Hackett was mad, and we didn't know it."

"You've signed all them papers," said Mr. Swaffham darkly, "and what you've signed you've signed."

"Certainly," said Mr. Morgan firmly. "We're trustees, and we've got to do our dooty to the village."

"Gerrout, I want that money back I gave you last night," shrieked Mr. Barleyford, fast losing his temper.

"We all cashed our cheques early this morning, didn't we, Jack?" said Mr. Morgan, appealing to Mr. Swaffham.

The latter confirmed the statement.

"Well, I want it all back," yelled Mr. Barleyford with tears in his eyes. "Don't you see things are altered?"

"Then you ought to be thankful, Joe," said Mr. Swaffham severely, "instead of carrying on like this to the friends wot supported you in the time of trouble. You ought to be glad to be able to live to see the good you've done. And there's one thing, you need never want a home, because there'll be always the free library for you to go and sit in."

With frenzied mind, Mr. Barleyford went off to Lawyer Smith, who, however, grimly told him he could do nothing. The thing, though it had been done against his advice, was done, and that was an end of it.

"I've give you another piece of advice, however," he said in conclusion. "As you have assigned £200 to Mrs. Green, who, I understand, is a widow, your best plan is to go and marry her and keep the money in the family."

And that is what Mr. Barleyford did.

Of course, £200 was not enough to keep them, and, but for the fact that an old uncle conveniently departed soon afterwards leaving Mr. Barleyford his property, there is no doubt that that gentleman would have experienced the unhappiness of having to go to work.

If you haven't much money to spend And you want some good stories to read,—

Traps for Tradesmen.

The Latest Frauds upon Shopkeepers.

PERHAPS jewellers are more frequently deceived than any other tradesmen, the reason, no doubt, being that their goods are more valuable compared with their bulk than those found in other establishments. Some of these tricks are smart to an amazing degree.

One fine May morning, a couple of years ago, a lady, well but quietly dressed, drove up to a fashionable West-end jeweller's in a neatly appointed brougham, and, entering, made careful selection of a necklace and rings worth in all about £600. "I should like my husband to see these before I definitely decide upon them," she said. "May one of your assistants accompany me home for that purpose?"

The jeweller was agreeable; the assistant carrying the jewellery in a hand-bag went with the lady, and presently the carriage drew up at a handsome house in a street north of Oxford Street. It was the residence of a famous mental specialist, but of this the assistant was ignorant. The lady left the assistant in the waiting-room and went into the consulting room.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "a dreadful thing has happened. My son has gone suddenly mad and believes himself to be a jeweller. What shall I do?"

The doctor went into the consulting room to interview the supposed lunatic, and naturally some time elapsed before he realised that the jeweller was sane, and that they both had been the dupes of a clever thief. In the meantime the fashionably-dressed lady had departed with her booty, and was never caught.

TRICKING THE FASHIONABLE JEWELLER.

More recently two jewellery firms, one in Regent Street, one in Bond Street, have been heavy losers at the hands of a couple of clever confederates. The trick was as simple as ingenious. One man entered the shop and asked for a cheap diamond ring and a couple of inexpensive brooches. He made his selection and paid for them, on the understanding that if he found any of the articles unsuitable he should be permitted to return them the following day, and have the price refunded. He also asked that the price tickets might not be removed.

Shortly after number one had left, number two appeared, and requested to be shown a diamond ring worth about £100. When the assistant had placed the tray of expensive rings upon the counter, the thief, who had the £10 ring previously purchased by his confederate palmed in his left hand, soon succeeded in substituting it for one of the expensive rings. The fact that the original ticket was on it, and that none of the rings was missing, prevented any suspicion.

The trick was worked again and again with such success that over £4,000 worth of jewellery was secured.

Two Frenchmen, both clever as the average conjuror, made a big haul not long ago, first in Birmingham, afterwards in the West-End of London. Under the pretence that they wished to buy old coins as souvenirs of England, they induced numbers of tradesmen to let them look through their tills. In every case they "palmed" considerable sums.

Happily, they tried the game once too often. It was at a Piccadilly shop that they were caught, and at the Old Bailey each received a well-merited sentence of twelve months' hard labour.

NEW SUITS FOR NOTHING.

A cleverly planned series of cheque frauds came to light not long ago. The prisoners, who were two brothers of good family and education, had been working in this way: One would pay for goods with a genuine cheque and ask that a cheque for the balance might be sent to him. In this way the pair got hold of the signature of the firm. This was copied, and, by means of a forged order, a cheque-book was obtained from the firm's bank, and so forged cheques were put into circulation.

The game continued for a year; then came arrest, and both the culprits are at present in prison.

Tailors and bootmakers in many towns have been suffering at the hands of a small gang of swindlers who have invented a novel swindle. A man calls at a tailor's, orders a suit of clothes, and asks how soon they can be ready. "Day after to-morrow," says the tailor. "I am leaving by the five train on that day. Can you meet me with them at my hotel at four o'clock?"

The tailor agrees, but when the suit is tried on the coat is found fault with. The customer says he can wait till the seven train if the alterations can be made by then, and the tailor hurries away to do his best. In the meantime arrives a second tailor from whom a similar suit has been ordered. In this case the coat and waistcoat are approved of, but the trousers returned for alteration. The swindler then makes off with a complete suit, and an extra waistcoat, for none of which he has paid anything at all.

This Week's Hero.

THE KING OF SIAM.

"*P.W.* wants to know——"

"I beg your pardon," interjected the sauve Official of the Siamese Legation in London, arching his eyebrows interrogatively; "*P.W.*——???"

"Yes. *P.W.—Pearson's Weekly*, you know."

"Ah!"

There was a world of meaning and of comprehension in that "Ah!" and it encouraged the interviewer to proceed with his mission forthwith.

"*P.W.*, as I was saying, wants to know something of your august monarch, King Chulalongkorn, who is shortly to visit London, and as *P.W.* believes in going to headquarters for its information, it has, well, that is to say—it has sent me here," I concluded rather lamely.

"Certainly," responded the official; "anything I can tell you I will with pleasure. And first let me inform you that you should not call His Majesty 'Chulalongkorn.'"

"Why not?" I asked in surprise. "Is that not his name?

"One of his names," admitted the official. "Nevertheless, it sounds as strange to Siamese ears as would King Guelph to English ears if used as a title for your own gracious Sovereign. To us he is simply 'The King,' or 'The Supreme King'; the latter being the most usual appellation."

Further inquiry revealed that His Majesty's full name and titles are Somdet Phra Paramindra Maha Mongkut Ramboi Bhamarabhirom Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, both Northern and Southern, and of all its Dependencies, Laos Chiang, Laos Kao, Malays, Chief Sovereign and Master of the Order of the Nine Gems, of the Order of the House of Maha Chakkri, and of the Order of the White Elephant, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, and some seventeen other Royal and noble orders, besides minor ones too numerous to count.

His Majesty was born on September 21st, 1853, and succeeded his father, King Mongkut, on October 1st, 1868. His youth was spent in the royal palace at Bangkok, where he was educated by an English governess specially brought from Singapore.

The principal event of his life, prior to his accession, was the sacred hair-cutting ceremony, customary for all young Siamese princes, but which was in his case, by the express will of his father, made the occasion of such pageants and rejoicings as had never been seen in Bangkok before.

Amongst them was a spectacular open-air play, participated in by 9,000 of the most beautiful maidens in the kingdom, and a review of Amazons, arrayed in green and gold, and gleaming armour.

The Heir Apparent was escorted to the sacred barber's chair by a bodyguard of 800 young Siamese nobles, uniformed in cloth-of-gold, and wearing gold collars and jewelled necklaces, and was there given a hair-cut with a pair of golden scissors, after which his scalp was shaved with a golden-handled and gem-encrusted razor. There was then no hair apparent.

That, however, was years and years ago. His Majesty now wears his hair as does any ordinary Englishman, and also dresses, when in civilian attire, as does any ordinary English gentleman. He is a great admirer, too, of England, and speaks the English language perfectly; while his eldest son, the Crown Prince Chowfa, was educated at Eton.

He has also sent others of his sons and relatives to be educated in this country; and, not content with this even, he has recently established what is known as the "Guild of the King's Scholars," by which every Siamese youth is given an equal chance, by means of competitive examinations held yearly, of being sent to England at the King's expense.

To his credit, be it said, too, His Majesty, immediately on his accession, reformed the cruel penal system of Siam, abolished judicial torture, and made a clean sweep of the horrible cage prisons and underground dungeons that used to shock the susceptibilities of all visitors to Bangkok. He also did away with the old form of salutation, which was by touching the forehead to the ground, and made his subjects shake hands in European fashion.

In person, His Majesty is decidedly handsome, with bright, piercing eyes, and an amiable expression of countenance. He keeps a French *chef* and a score of motor-cars, is fond of dogs, horses, and children, plays an excellent game of billiards, and has lately fallen under the fascination of bridge.

Having gathered the above particulars, *P.W.* rose to depart. But the legation official raised a restraining hand.

"Before you go," he said, "I wish to ask you to kindly refrain from inserting in your journal stupid, lying stories about my Imperial Master, such as have been appearing recently in certain papers. For instance, I have here a Press cutting, which relates how His Majesty had one of his wives beheaded, and the severed head presented on a charger to an English guest, who was being entertained in his palace at Bangkok. Such an incident, I need hardly say, could no more occur at the Court of Siam than at the Court of St. James's."

Edward VII. Man-in-the-Street.

Our King's Quaint Experiences when Unattended.

IT is seldom that royal persons can go far without being recognised; but sometimes luck is with them. There are many stories of the odd things that have befallen King Edward when he has been looked on as an ordinary man-in-the-street.

He had an amusing little adventure the other day in Naples when he wanted to gain admittance to a church while the monks who look after it were taking their mid-day meal. The sacristan, taking him for a beggar, replied to his knock with: "Go in peace; there is nothing for you."

The King knocked again, explaining that he wanted to see the church. The sacristan, becoming irritated, told him sharply that it was no time for sightseeing.

Eventually, he got into the church, and the sacristan, hearing who the stranger was, nearly fainted.

At Marienbad His Majesty was watched over by some forty detectives of the Austrian and British secret services, but sometimes he managed to give them all the slip and go off for a quiet stroll.

On one occasion as he walked slowly through the woods a little girl, who had strayed away from her nurse, decided to "frighten" him. She thought it would be fun to play at "bears," so she hid behind a tree until His Majesty approached. Then she crawled forward on her hands and knees and said, "Boo!"

The King, of whose identity she had not the faintest idea, laughed so heartily that she thought he must have misunderstood the situation. "I am a dreadful big beast," the child explained gravely, "and you ought not to laugh."

A ROYAL "STATION-MASTER."

A very pretty incident marked a drive taken by the King during a recent visit to Paris. He had been motoring in the Bois de Boulogne, and alighted by the larger lake, where some children were feeding the water-fowl. Entering into the spirit of the thing the King bought rolls which he distributed among the children, and he stood with them at the water's edge throwing bread to the fowl. When the rolls were finished the "kind gentleman" was politely thanked, and he drove away unrecognised.

To Dover one day the Calais boat brought three French nuns. The noise and bustle of disembarkation bewildered them, and they appealed to a gentleman in undress naval uniform who stood on the quay. Would he be so kind as to direct them to the train for Victoria.

The gentleman, whom they had taken for the station-master, was most courteous. He led them to the train, and placed them in a first-class compartment, though their tickets entitled them to travel second-class only.

It was not many minutes, however, before someone else enlightened them. The "station-master," they were told, was none other than King Edward VII., who had also paid the excess fare.

His Majesty has thoroughly explored the East-End, and has been through most of its hospitals and workhouses. At one workhouse, as he still recalls with amusement, he was taken for a Local Government Board inspector. One discontented inmate recited a long string of complaints, and wound up by hoping that His Majesty "would be more honest than the bloke as come 'ere afore."

A PORTRAIT WORTH HAVING.

King Edward was one day driving a dog-cart alone and unattended when he encountered an old woman coming from market and carrying a heavy basket. He stopped and asked her if he could give her a lift, an offer which she gladly accepted. On learning that the basket contained eggs, the King said he would give a portrait of his mother in exchange for some.

The old lady began to think she had been rather rash in getting into a cart with a man who made such queer bargains. So she laughed a bit nervously and asked what good would a portrait of his mother be to her.

By this time they had reached her cottage, and the old lady got down, but before he handed out her basket the King extracted six eggs. Then he slipped half-a-sovereign into her hand. "That is my mother's portrait," he said, pointing to Queen Victoria's head on the coin, as he drove away.

Round about Balmoral there is a story told of how the King, when a boy, attempted to prevent a young lout from beating a dog. Furious at the stranger's interference, the other struck him. At the same moment some members of the Prince's party came up, and the boy, suddenly recognising the Prince, turned and fled.

Later Queen Victoria caused him to be sought out and brought to the Castle. By this time the enormity of his offence had come home to the boy, and he expected instant execution at least. But Her Majesty would not allow him to be punished.

——If you take my advice you will send For THE NOVEL—it's just what you need.

MORE CAP TROUBLE.

Already, so it is said, complaints are beginning to be heard amongst the officers of the City of London Police concerning the new cap recently served out to them by their chief commissioner, Captain Nott Bower.

This is only what was to have been expected. No one has ever yet succeeded in inventing a uniform cap to suit all tastes, and it hardly seems as though anyone ever will.

Ask any ordinary Metropolitan police inpector, for instance, and he will promptly tell you that the present pill-box pattern, with the peak in front, is unbearably hot in fine, sunshiny weather, while it allows the rain to run freely down the neck of the wearer when it is wet.

The postman, again, has been grumbling and agitating for years against his peculiar brand of cap. He says it breeds colds in winter, and makes his head ache in summer. Schoolmasters are caused more trouble by caps, their pupils' caps, than by lessons; so that many of them, in despair, have substituted mortar-boards, and other similar abominations.

Cricket clubs and cycling clubs, too, are always at variance about their uniform caps. Indeed, cyclists, in the old "ordinary" and "boneshaker" days, were so much worried about the subject that they for a time discarded the cap altogether in favour of a sort of helmet of fearful and wonderful appearance.

Then, of course, every naval man knows how troublesome is his particular brand of head-gear to fit, and to wear becomingly, and this quite independently of whether his rank compels him to don a peaked cap or an all-round one. While, as for the Army! Well, from the time of the busby and the shako, and the perky little circular pork-pie thing, to say nothing of the glengarry, and that latest innovation, the hideous "Brodrick," is it not notorious that caps have been to the War Office wiseacres a source of far more anxiety than have even, say, cannons?

THE FRESH AIR TREATMENT.

Most of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong pelt and asks you if you are in a hurry—and of all the irritable individuals he is the very worst of the objectionable species.

Mr. Ellis is one of these pests, and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various sorts—pictures, wardrobes, and china. And there was his old friend Hills, begrimed, weary, and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves

"What, Hills," exclaimed Mr. Ellis, "are you moving?"

"Not at all—not at all," snapped Hills, with elaborate sarcasm. "I am taking my furniture out for a ride!"

A CHOCOLATE KING.

The curious reference to the "Chocolate King, of Anticosti," made during the debate on the Newfoundland fisheries the other day, must have puzzled many people.

Anticosti is, of course, an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is about 2,600 square miles in extent. The "Chocolate King" is M. Henry Menier, the "Cadbury of France," who in 1895 bought the island outright from the Canadian Government for £25,000.

At first he was laughed at for his pains. Anticosti, it was said, was no good for anything except wrecking ships. But the plucky and good-natured Frenchman only laughed in return, and set bravely to work surveying and exploring his newly-acquired property.

Greatly to people's surprise it very soon became apparent that the thick-matted brushwood along the coast was merely a screen concealing much good land and timber. M. Menier issued a proclamation inviting settlers. They came in considerable numbers. Soon a town sprang up at the spot fixed upon by the Chocolate King as the seat of what is practically his government.

Presently, roads were driven into the unexplored interior, farms were leased, fisheries established, and mills were built for lumber, grain, and pulp. The so-called "barren lands" were converted into vast game preserves, where caribou deer, brought over from Newfoundland, bred in their thousands, and where grouse, whose ancestors were specially imported from Scotland, now swarm in such incredible numbers as would gladden the heart of the dourest of Highland gillies.

In short, M. Menier is at this present moment, and after the lapse of barely twelve years, in possession of a real principality, over which, subject only to the public law of Canada, he reigns supreme.

THERE'S KNOWLEDGE FOR YOU.

The Corporal was one day drilling a batch of raw recruits.

"Why is it," he said to a bright-looking chap, "that the blade of your sabre is curved instead of straight?"

"The blade is curved," the recruit answered, "in order to given more force to the blow."

"Nonsense," said the corporal. "The blade is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the curved scabbard, you idiot?"

IZAAK WALTON II.

If ever there were an enthusiastic fisherman it was old Jones. He was quite content to sit for hours on the bank of the stream, hoping for a bite, and if he didn't get one, his mind thrilled at the thought of what splendid sport he had two years ago. Thus he was found by a fellow angler.

"Fished long in this stream?" he asked pleasantly.

"Twenty-three years," was the laconic response.

"Then this stream must be worth fishing in," went on the stranger. "You must get a lot of bites."

Gazing intently at his rod, Jones replied with zest:

"Two years ago, in this very spot, I had as fine a bite as anyone need wish for. And I shall get another yet."

A PROMISING OPENING.

The travelling showman was waxing eloquent, as he described the characteristics of his Wild Horse from Tartary.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "this hanimal is a real terror. If there's any gent in this comp'ny as fancies hisself as a rider, I'll give him five pounds for every minute he sticks on this hoss. Since boy'ood's happy hours I've rid hosses, and 'ave somewot fancied myself as Mazeppa of the Plains, which rode the fiery steed Pegasus from Greece's classic shore to the Ole Kent Road; but this hoss is beyond me. I've tried 'im every way, but 'e shakes me off in ten seconds."

"Why not get inside him?" queried a budding humorist in the company.

The travelling showman waited until the laughter had died down.

"My lad," he said witheringly, "I've thought of that. But Nature 'as been unkind to 'im in the matter of mouth; it ain't big enough. Now, if it 'ad been yours——"

But the budding humorist did not wait to hear the logical conclusion of the hypothesis.

MEMORY TRAINING.

There is no doubt that the tying of a piece of string round the finger is a really good aid to a poor memory, but there is a well authenticated case of a man who tied a piece of cotton round his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut. On the way home to dinner that evening he noticed the piece of cotton.

"Ah, yes, I remember," he said. And, smiling proudly, he entered the accustomed shop, and sat down before the accustomed barber.

"Er—yes, sir?" said the barber, puzzled inquiry in his tones.

"Er! Oh, yes, cut my hair, please," commanded the absent-minded one curtly.

"Why, certainly, sir, if you wish it," was the reply. "But you won't mind my mentioning the fact that I cut it this morning, will you, sir?"

THE . . FOUNDED 1871.

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BALLOONING TO THE POLE.

Sailing to the North Pole by balloon, a feat which Mr. Walter Wellman is now just about to attempt, is no new idea.

In fact, it is a very old idea; older, indeed, than even the balloon itself.

True, it is that until Andre set off on his ill-fated expedition in July, 1897, no one had actually attempted the feat. But so far back as the year 1670, a French Jesuit, named Francis Lana, proposed to navigate the Arctic Ocean in the species of "aerial boat." This queer contrivance was to be raised above the ice by means of four hollow balls of thin copper, from which the air had been exhausted.

In 1785, again, two aeronauts named Rozier and Romain, built at Calais a "fire-proof" balloon, into the construction of which asbestos, or some similar non-inflammable substance, entered largely. In it they proposed to sail from Archangel right across the North Polar regions to Alaska. While experimenting near Boulogne, however, their "fire-proof" balloon burst into flames in mid air, and both the experimenters were killed.

Nothing daunted, other "balloonatics" continued to build innumerable "arctic airships," everyone of them warranted to sail to the Pole in almost next to no time at all. But none of them got beyond the experimental stage, although Mr. J. B. Lassie's "aerial cruiser," which was worked by a screw, would undoubtedly have been dispatched in 1859 in search of the lost Franklin expedition, had funds permitted.

Professor Wise, too, in 1873, came within an ace of starting for the Pole in a pair of twin balloons, giving together a lifting power of 15,900lb., a carrying power of 9,500lb., and 7,500lb. of disposable ballast.

UNNATURAL.

She entered the florist's with a firm tread, and an air indicative of a disposition to have her own way. She chose a brilliant bunch of flowers in a Japanese pot, and asked the shopman if it would do well in the sun.

"Certainly it will, ma'am."

"Don't say it will if it won't," she remarked acidly. "If it grows well in the sun, will the shade hurt it?"

"Not in the least," murmured the assistant.

Her lips tightened, and the look she gave him was really frightening.

"You have sold me a plant which you declare will thrive equally well either in the shade or the sun. That is neither natural nor probable. Young man, you are quite ignorant of your business. Send the manager at once."

That worthy duly appeared, and entirely agreed with all his assistant had said.

"A really remarkable and accommodating plant," said the purchaser with heat. "My good sir, it's ridiculous and unnatural!"

"Precisely, madam. It is an artificial plant!"

NEW NAMES FOR OLD COUNTRIES.

The proposal, recently brought forward in the Dominion Parliament, to rechristen Hudson Bay by the name of the Canadian Sea, serves to remind us how frequently in the past geographical nomenclature has been altered to suit national or individual capriciousness.

Australia, for instance, was originally New Holland. Tasmania was, on its first discovery, and up till comparatively recently, called Van Dieman's Land, after the governor of the Dutch East Indies of that name, Tasman being its actual discoverer. Every stamp collector, too, at all events, knows that what we now call West Australia, was the Swan River Settlement not so very long ago, although comparatively few people are aware, probably, that Victoria was originally Port Phillip.

New Guinea, the largest island in the world, excepting Australia, was New Guinea in 1549, and for at least 200 years thereafter. Then it became Papua, and was so marked on all maps and charts, only to finally revert once more to its old name during the latter half of the last century.

Up till about fifty years ago all the Canadian North-west was called Prince Rupert's Land, after the gay and debonair cousin of King Charles II., on whom it was bestowed by Royal charter. Manitoba was originally the Red River Settlement, under which name it was very prominently before the British public in 1870 in connection with the Red River expedition, which was commanded by a young officer whose name was afterwards to become world-famous—Colonel Garnet Wolseley.

Brazil, "where the nuts come from," was christened by its discoverer, one Vincent Pinzon, a pious Portuguese mariner, Santa Cruz (Holy Cross), its later name being derived from the red timber with which its forests abound; while along the opposite coast of South America no single country, save Chili, retains to-day the precise name it originally bore.

I and "My Sweetheart."

By MISS MINNIE PALMER.

[All over Britain, all over the world almost, Miss Minnie Palmer is known and welcomed as the famous exponent of "My Sweetheart." And here is the life-story of this vivacious and charming little lady as recounted by herself.]

I WAS born in America. The date is my business, but I didn't land there with Columbus, as some people would seem to think.

You see, people will confuse Minnie Palmer with Millie Palmer (Mrs. Bondmann), whose career was closing just as mine was beginning.

Moreover, when you have played a part some six thousand times, as I have, people begin to lose count—I sometimes do myself—and I remember once overhearing a gentleman gravely inform another that I was not the original Minnie Palmer, but her daughter; in fact, I am not sure he didn't say granddaughter. But I'm nobody's "chile" but my own.

Well, as I was saying, I was born in America, and educated at a convent on Manhattan Island, for there was not a scrap of theatrical history in my family, and I was never intended for the stage. But, although I have not the least idea whence it came, the passion for the stage was there, and out it came whilst I was still a child. I just *had* to sing and dance and act.

WHEN I FIRST TROD THE BOARDS.

I said just now that there was no theatrical history in the family, but this was not quite correct. One of my uncles was a theatrical manager, and through him I went on the stage about the time I first began to wear my hair in a pigtail.

I toured the country in small pieces, and early in the eighties was starring in a play specially written for me, called *Minnie Palmer's Boarding School*, when I was engaged to play the title *rôle* in *My Sweetheart*, which, by the way, though first produced in America, was written by an Englishman, Mr. Gill.

Before this, however, I remember a little incident which may amuse you. We were travelling by train, and two other ladies and I shared a sleeping compartment. It was a very hot night, and one of my companions, a stout German fräulein, went out—it was a corridor carriage, of course—to get a drink of iced water.

Presently she came back in a great fluster and fuss. "Ach, my dear," she cried to the other lady, "a terrible thing has happened," and then went on to explain that coming back she had mistaken the berth and looked into one occupied by a gentleman, whose presence she had only discovered by his startled ejaculations on her remarking, as she thought to us, that it really was too hot to wear any clothes at all.

Well, there wasn't anything to make a cry about, but nothing would calm poor Fräulein until her friend calmly suggested they should say I was the intruder. I didn't argue the point—it was too hot, and I was too small—but I smiled a long, sweet smile next morning when Fräulein discovered that in her hasty exit from the gentleman's compartment she had left her shoes—and her only get-at-able pair—behind. For they couldn't fit that boot on my foot, could they?

SHOT AT IN THE TRAIN.

I played *My Sweetheart* in New York, and then, hey presto! found myself in Glasgow, Scotland, where the play was "presented" for the first time on this side of the Atlantic.

That was in 1884, and I have played *My Sweetheart* almost without a break ever since.

A long time, and how the years have flown! On the whole happily and without any very stirring incident, although I have travelled far and wide—in Australia, in my native land, on the Continent, and in South Africa.

Indeed, I can recall only two really exciting experiences. The first was in Ireland, when I happened to be travelling from Dublin to Belfast at a time when serious riots were taking place in the latter city. So grave was the situation that the soldiers had been sent for, and, unfortunately, the rioters, who were scattered all over the country-side, thought that the military were in our train, and opened fire upon us.

I had been looking at the country through the window, but, feeling tired, had just stretched myself on the seat, when crash came a bullet through the window above my head, shattering and scattering the glass all over me. Had it come a second or two earlier it could not have failed to hit me, and in the face.

The other occasion on which again I nearly lost my life was in a small town in the Western States of America. The stage arrangements were pretty primitive, and the drop-curtain, instead of being weighted with sand, was loaded with heavy rocks. In due course the curtain was lowered, but half-way down two of these boulders broke loose, and crashed down not an inch in front of my nose.

People often say to me—Don't you get awfully tired of playing the same part over and over again? Well, of course I do, and there was a time when I thought I should go mad unless I had a rest. But it's wonderful what you can get used to, and I find that the only precaution I need take to avoid any ill-effects from the continual strain is never to think of what is coming next in the play.

I keep my mind's eye, so to speak, fixed on some distant and ever-receding point, and habit pulls me through and prevents me from forgetting my lines from sheer over-familiarity with them.

And then the constant change of scene and audience helps to keep one fresh and limber.

Talking of audiences—and I think I should know something about them—I have no hesitation in saying that the best and most sympathetic audiences are to be found in Lancashire and Yorkshire; the worst, in the sense of the coldest and the hardest to move, in America.

LEAVING THE DRAMA FAR BEHIND.

Of late years I have, of course, been playing a sketch version of *My Sweetheart* in the music-halls, and my experiences there have been entirely pleasant, for, in addition to *My Sweetheart*, I have been very successful with *Rose Pompon*.

Wonderful indeed has been the change and improvement in the character of music-halls and their audiences since I came to Glasgow.

The change is a subject for congratulation; at the same time, for regret, in this way—that in the provinces, at all events, the theatres have not kept pace with the "halls," and the drama is suffering severely.

That was one reason I took *My Sweetheart* to the music-hall stage. I do not think the old piece has lost its power to please, and I hope I have not; but provincial theatres are poorly kept, out of date, and generally behind the times, and the "legitimate" drama suffers.

However, don't let us be too serious. I have played *My Sweetheart* in almost every theatre in the world, and I am quite prepared to go on playing in every one of them again, if my dear public wants me. Do you?

Minnie Palmer

THE CONTRAST.

In a beauteous garden two children are playing,
Romping merrily.
And round and about them the green leaves are swaying,
Rustling tunefully.
Sunshine and flowers delight to give
Joy to the children who with them live.

In the grimiest byways two children are sitting,
Weeping drearily.
All round and about them gaunt hunger is flitting,
Rapidly, fearfully.
Squalor and sickness their portion are,
Sin or despair their lives' guiding star.

In a spreading forest two children lie sleeping,
Dreaming gladly.
All through the day their small limbs have been leaping,
Cheerily, madly.
Sunshine and pleasure for one long day,
Food, too, for ninepence, that *you will pay.*

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fares. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the "Daily Express," Limited, the Standard Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

POOR OLD LONDON.

A STAGE-MANAGER once had a subordinate with realistic ideas. The manager was producing a play containing a snowstorm, and the subordinate had charge of the snow.

"Bother you!" said the manager, at the end of the snowstorm scene. "What on earth did you mean by making the snow out of brown paper?"

"Ain't the scene laid in London?" asked the other.

"Yes. But what of that?"

"Well, that's the colour of London snow."

SMALL POLITICIAN: "I want to talk to you, sir, about a remark you made about me in your paper. You called me a political jobber, sir!"

"Yes, it was a very annoying typographical error, and I promptly discharged the compositor."

"Ah! Then you didn't mean to call me a 'jobber'?"

"No, sir. I wrote 'robber' very distinctly!"

TAXIMETERS OF 79 A.D.

Taxicabs, Telephones, and Electricity were all Known to the Ancients.

THERE is no new thing under the sun. Many of our boasted new "inventions" are simply second editions of things which were invented a thousand years ago.

The taxicab, about which we have been getting so excited lately, is by no means a new idea. A German professor has written a letter to the FRANKFORT GAZETTE, in which he says he has discovered that Vitruvius, the Roman historian, describes a taximeter cab in use in Rome about the year 79 A.D. The mechanism of the taximeter caused a stone to drop into a box under the carriage every thousand paces. At the end of the journey the driver counted the stones which had fallen into the box, and in this way was able to calculate the fare.

Within the last fifty years an Englishman produced a particular kind of pin, which he called a "safety" pin. For this admirable service to mankind he was highly honoured, and *fêtes* and favours were showered upon him.

SAFETY PINS AT POMPEII.

Just a year or two ago, however, when someone was poking about among the ruins of Pompeii, they came upon a large number of bronze safety-pins. They were quite up-to-date pins, too; there was a coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other—just like those in constant use at the present day. So that, far from safety pins being a modern invention, they are roughly about 2,000 years old.

Thimbles have been found in pre-historic mounds, and combs and hairpins were in existence before the Christian era. It is guessed with some certainty that the first needle must have been threaded by a thrifty housewife about 5,000 years ago.

The combination locks we use to-day, which can only be opened by a combination of certain numbers and letters, were well-known and used extensively by the Chinese many centuries ago.

The telephone, also, or, at any rate, an instrument similar to it, was used by them. Moreover, one of their writers mentions boxes which repeated the sounds of people's voices, even though the people were dead, which leads us to suppose that they had discovered the phonograph.

In China, too, they illuminated their houses a couple of thousand years ago with natural gas, which was conveyed to the consumer's house by means of bamboo tubes. But, then, the Chinese declare that what we have done in the realm of science was all discovered by them centuries ago, and discarded as useless.

NOT AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION THEN.

At present there is no positive proof that in the offices of the ancients a charming young lady sat in a corner clattering away busily on a typewriter; but it is a fact that the kindred accomplishment—shorthand—was well known to them.

It is calculated that some systems go back to somewhere about 500 B.C. If this is so, then it is probable that Xenophon took shorthand notes of Socrates' lectures. At any rate, there seems no doubt that the orations of Cicero were written with as much skill and rapidity as the modern stenographer could boast.

The ancients knew about electricity, and though we usually credit Watts with the discovery of steam as a motive power, Nero, of Alexandria, described machines driven by steam 2,000 years before Watts was born. This same gentleman invented a double force pump, such as is used nowadays as a fire-engine, and he anticipated the modern turbine wheel.

In the British Museum can be seen the dolls of thousands of years ago, and the furniture which filled dolls' households long before our own forefathers came to have a table or a chair of their own.

WAYWARD HOBBS: "I used ter be a milkman, lady; after that I wuz a sailor."

Mrs. Handout: "Quite a difference of vocations."

Wayward Hobbs: "Oh, I don't know. On my first voyage I wuz at the pumps most of the time."

DRASTIC MEASURES.

IN the schools of a certain town measures were recently taken to test the eyesight of the children. When the doctor had finished each scholar he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect.

Thus it came about that Mr. William Atkins, sen., received a note to the following effect:

"Dear Sir,—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay."

Mr. Atkins glowered at his son when he had read the note. He reached down the household cane, but thought better of it. Then he squared his elbows, and penned his reply:

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry to hear about my son. Please wallop it out of him.—Yours affectionately, Bill Atkins."

—To amuse and engross they'll not fail, And will please the most critical mind.

Picked Pars.

Away with the Old Ones.

Every time the Kaiser visits Danzig, all the old warships in the harbour are towed to a position in which he cannot see them. The process was recently gone through in view of a visit now pending.

Expensive Living.

Miss Alleta Nathalie Bailey, an heiress nineteen years old, has applied to the Supreme Court of New York to increase her allowance of £2,700 a year, which, she says, is not enough. She declares that while it was ample when she was thirteen years old, she cannot live on it now that she is nineteen.

A Dangerous Study.

In a laboratory of the Pasteur Institute two months ago a well-known surgeon broke a glass tube containing virulent tuberculosis bacilli, and a fragment of the glass cut his neck. He immediately began a treatment, but the disease, which in a few days had seized him, has not yet been got under, and it is a question whether he will overcome it.

Terrier as Out-Patient.

An Irish terrier has been a regular out-patient at King's College Hospital, London. The dog first limped into the hospital, suffering from an injured foot. The damaged limb was treated and bandaged, and doggie was sent out into the world again. But with true canine instinct he pays his benefactors a call each day. He goes to the place where he was first treated, and puts up his foot for examination.

Crimeless Town.

The gaoler of an Ohio prison has sent in his resignation on the ground that he has not had a prisoner for more than two years.

Black v. White.

A negro lawyer who was ejected from a Pennsylvania Railway train because he occupied a carriage reserved for whites, secured ½d. damages against the company in the New York courts.

Blind Shorthand-Typist.

Amongst the girls at the Poor Law Schools of the Lambeth Guardians at Norwood is one who, although blind, has proved herself extremely proficient in the art of shorthand writing and a clever manipulator of the typewriter.

Just Retribution.

A hostler has just been admitted into the hospital at Cleveland, Ohio, suffering from severe injuries, the result of a horse's kicks. The horse belongs to a circus, and the man states that he was trying to teach the animal to "spell phonetically," when it attacked him.

Fatal Quick Lunches.

The leading physicians of Chicago declare that half the cases of suicide in that city are due to the quick-lunch habit. According to the physicians, this haste over meals causes indigestion, which affects the nervous temperament and causes emaciation, moroseness, mental disorder, and suicide.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

A Romantic End.

Mlle. Berthe Cowy, a Parisian young lady, deserted by a fickle lover, dressed herself in her best frock, put on all her jewels, and went to her sweetheart's rooms while he was out. Then, lying down on a couch, she strewed flowers round about her, and shot herself through the heart.

Sandwichmen's Motor-'bus.

People in the City and the West End of London were surprised to see the other day eighteen sandwich men, smoking cigars, riding on top of a motor-omnibus with their boards advertising a play. The omnibus was stopped during the day by about fifty different policemen, and orders have been issued forbidding the display.

Cave Dwellers become Gaol Dwellers.

Eight men were sentenced as vagrants to fourteen days' imprisonment at Seaham Harbour the other day. They were discovered living in caves on the seashore to the south of the town, and had been domiciled there for some months. Recently a steamer nearly ran ashore through mistaking the cave fires for the harbour lights.

A Sure Cure for Laziness.

A gang of "White Caps," in Atlanta City, Georgia, the local representatives of "Judge Lynch," forced their way into the house of a man who had given great offence to the community by his laziness, and who compelled his wife to bring his meals to him while he lay comfortably in bed. The "White Caps" dragged the man out of bed and administered a hundred lashes to him.

Picture Pars.

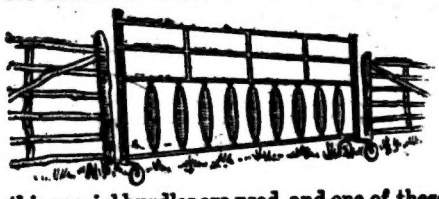
A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

TO CURE HORSES OF "BRUSHING."

MANY horses are addicted to "brushing," that is to say, when trotting, either in harness or under the saddle, they strike the inside of the fetlock joint with the edge of the hoof of the opposite leg, causing a wound which frequently leads to lameness. A thick rubber ring placed above the fetlock invariably prevents the pernicious results of this unfortunate habit.

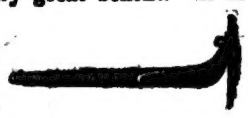
FOR LAMBS ONLY.

WHEN sheep and lambs are running together in the fold—say of rye grass, and clover—the food is apt to get so trodden down that the young lambs cannot pick out the succulent morsels. In consequence the shepherd allows them to wander in parts of that field that have not yet been split up into folds. That they may do this special hurdles are used, and one of these is shown in the picture. The upright bars are set sufficiently apart to allow the lambs to get through, while at the same time keeping out the sheep, and as they work like rollers the lambs can go in and out without injury.



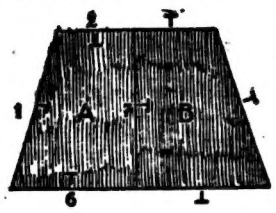
A SIMPLE TOOL.

ANYONE who has occasion to remove or withdraw old staples such as are contained in old wire netting or are used to hold electric bell wires, will find the tool depicted in our illustration of very great benefit. It is easily inserted under the staple and by means of it the staple may be withdrawn without injury either to the netting or to the staple. Any blacksmith can make the tool for a few coppers, and it will save damaged fingers and hours of trouble. A handy size is seven inches long, and from three-sixteenths to a quarter of an inch in thickness.



TO DISCOVER BOUNDARY OWNERS.

CLOSE inspection of a plan of land discloses the existence of curious little T-shaped marks. These are of very great importance, for they show who owns the boundary lines, walls, or hedges, and thus tell who is responsible for their maintenance. Thus in the case of the field A in the illustration the owner of the ground is responsible for the hedges 1, 2, and 6, while the owner of the field B is responsible only for the upkeep of the fourth side, which is marked 7.

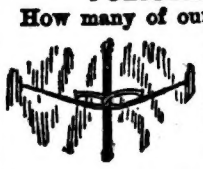


MADE TO HOLD MORE FIRMLY.

HERE is rather an ingenious device for making screw nails fasten more firmly. Before driving them home dip them first in water. This causes the metal to rust, which means that they hold more securely, and, in fact, become very difficult to release again.

POLICEMAN'S USEFUL PINS.

How many of our readers are aware of the shrewd little device which policemen adopt to find out whether or not the doors of the houses under their special supervision have been tampered with? It is very ingenious. Taking two pins the policeman twists them together so that they hook round each other as shown in our first illustration. Arriving at the house to which he has been instructed to give special attention he inserts one pin in the door-post and attaches the other to the door itself. It is obvious that should the door be opened in his absence at some distant part of his beat, the pins fall out, and this gives him the clue on his return to institute inquiries



Pars about Players.

K. L. Hutchings (Kent).

GEORGE HIRST said last season that he would sooner field mid-off to anyone rather than to Mr. Hutchings, and that he always took the precaution of getting three or four yards deeper when he saw the young Kent amateur coming in.

It is easy to understand the force of the great Yorkshireman's remarks, for probably no one plays forward harder at the present day than the old Tonbridge boy.

He is a veritable Ajax of the cricket field, and defies the "lightning" (to say nothing of the "slows" and "mediums") of the opposing bowlers in a manner wholly delightful to the spectator whose soul loveth not the player of "keeps."

Perhaps he may be a little too eager to make runs in his first ten minutes, but it nevertheless behoves the scorers to see to the sharpening of their pencils whenever he emerges from the pavilion.

F. C. Holland (Surrey).

WHEN Holland first came under the direct notice of the Surrey officials it was confidently thought that the county had discovered a star of exceptional magnitude, and a great future was predicted for him, for he had nearly all the attributes of a great bat, and his style was well-nigh irreproachable.

Most of the critics' prognostications have come true, but not all, for which latter fact Holland may well blame the ill-health that has dogged him throughout his career.

It is undoubtedly this misfortune that has prevented him from taking his rightful place among the greatest batsmen in the land; and though he invariably gains an enviable position in the season's averages, it is only when the Clerk of the Weather is in a good mood that he can really show his true abilities.

He has an excellent voice, and when the season is over F. C. Holland, cricketer, of the Oval, becomes Fred Holland, vocalist, of "The Halls."

J. Sharp (Lancashire).

JACK SHARP, or, as he is often called, "Jack o' both sides," is one of those people who are simply born to play games: he can't help doing so; it's in his blood, and he might just as well try to do without food as without games.

So he plays football for Everton and cricket for Lancashire.

He plays in an exhilarating sort of way, too. See him at the crease, bat in hand, and with "boundary" at the back of his head the whole time; see him bowling his "fast ones" as if nothing in the world mattered except capturing the enemies' wickets; or see him in the country chasing—ay, and stopping, too—hits that look impossible for mortal to reach. See him do these things, and then deny that he is doing just what Nature intended him to!

Hon. F. S. Jackson (Yorkshire).

THE HON. F. S. JACKSON has loomed more or less largely in the public eye ever since he remarked, after a certain brilliant performance of his for Harrow against Eton, that he was glad he had "come off," as it would give "the guv'nor" a leg up!

He was a remarkable bowler even before he went to Harrow, and he once made himself exceedingly popular at his preparatory school by bowling out his "Head" at the nets a sufficient number of times to provide every boy in the school with a bottle of ginger beer—a bottle being the reward promised every time a scholar took the Headmaster's wicket.

When the Australians were over here two years ago Mr. Jackson captained the English side in all five test matches, and also won the toss on each occasion, a feat which caused him to reach that pinnacle of fame which has as one of its rewards a special verse in a popular musical comedy song.

A Few Facts About Well-known Cricketers.

A. E. Knight (Leicestershire).

IF Albert Edward Knight cannot lay claim to the distinction of being the best professional batsman in England he can, at any rate, claim the honour of being the best educated man earning his living through the game—"amateurs" excluded.

It is only necessary to read one of his articles on the game to see this—they are among the cricket classics.

And as his writings are, so is his cricket—careful, methodical, well thought out, stylish, very often flowery, and always well worth looking at.

Indeed, it is scarcely possible to pay him any higher compliment than to say that he uses his bat and his pen equally well, and that the only "cut" of his that one wishes to see made is his late cut for four between point and third man.

P. F. Warner (Middlesex).

A BARRISTER by profession, a journalist by inclination, and a cricketer by nature, Mr. Warner is one of the most interesting figures in present-day cricket.

His genius for the game is only equalled by his love of it, and a few years ago he seriously comtemplated becoming a professional rather than let circumstances compel him to give up playing regularly.

He captained the last English team to visit Australia, and brought home "the ashes"; and more unlikely things happen every day than that he will ultimately be in charge of the side that is to go to the Antipodes at the end of the season.

Mr. Warner was born in the West Indies thirty-three years ago, though, judging by his stock, or, rather, lack of stock, of hair alone it might be imagined that the happy event took place at a more remote period.

He is known to his intimates, as well as to thousands of less privileged beings, as "Plum," and, as befits one of his profession, he is an excellent speaker.

Now THE NOVEL for June can't be beat For its stories—their quality's best.—

NATURE SERIES.

By "Gamekeeper."

THE pretty posing of kittens playing with their mother or among themselves is familiar to everyone, and there can be few who tire of watching their graceful antics.

Though the majority of cats are thoroughly domesticated, some stray away into the woods, eventually to cast off completely the habit of toasting themselves on hearth-rugs. This shaking off of conventionality means, of course, kittens in the woods sooner or later—probably in a rabbit's burrow or hollow stump—and it is their irrepressible tendency to play which generally leads to the detection of their whereabouts by the gamekeeper—and to rude interruption.

But if you want to see kitten-play to perfection, you should arrange that your faithful Mother Tabby-skins shall rear a squirrel or two with the reprieved of her kittens. It is not well, however, for this purpose further to mingle her family, as tragic complications are liable to occur, causing inconsolable lamentation among your own little ones.

When I was of kittenish years, and even since I was supposed to have arrived at an age when discretion may be reasonably expected, I spent hours watching the play of a kitten and young squirrel.

I used to put them in a roomy cage, in which the squirrel would take up a position on the perch, so that when the kitten lunged, it was able to hoist itself just out of reach, ready in swinging back to give its assailant a very neat cuff on the ear.

HIDE-AND-SEEK FOR LITTLE FOXES.

Fox cubs closely resemble kittens in their inordinate love for and ability to play. They are sure, so soon as they can run, to make for the trees nearest their earth; if these have arched roots above ground so much the better. Though cubs enjoy pretending to rend asunder each other's throats, they prefer a very energetic form of hide-and-seek, in the course of which they very soon polish the rough gnarled roots, forming often high and low level runs.

Hares, at least, at social functions, combine a good deal of entertaining play with more or less serious fighting; but a hare, like an only child, is sometimes reduced to playing alone.

You have seen your cat—and more particularly, your neighbour's—roll on the gravel before your front door. This interests you, and, if anything, improves the gravel; but when puss chooses your exhibition onion-bed for the performance, the anecdote is entirely different, savouring strongly of bricks, air-guns, and epithets.

Well, lonely hares play in much the same way. And it is interesting to note that there is practically no difference between the solo playing of cats, hares, and horses.

Young stoats, from the age of about six weeks, spend most of their time in eating and playing—and I don't blame them. They chase one another through endless runs in the herbage, wrestle with each other with snake-like movements and quickness of thought, but their chief delight is to play peep-bo among the crevices of a wood-pile.

BUTTERFLIES LIKE LEAP-FROG.

An alternately vertical and horizontal variation in the poise of their tails is the chief characteristic of the play of calves and lambs (provided, of course, the latter haven't left their tails behind them), and the way they brandish their fly-flickers as they gambol round and round a meadow, with a peculiar diagonal gait, occasionally kicking sideways, is all most suggestive of the intoxicating nature of their play.

Birds, too, have their methods of playing, though they are not so rough about it as animals.

You have seen companies of swifts tearing up and down above a street at top speed, screaming furiously; and many years will pass over their heads and over the streets before we shall possess aeroplanes, which will enable us to play hare-and-hounds or follow-my-leader, as do the swifts at their estimated speed of 180 miles an hour.

So far as downright enjoyment in playing is concerned, I think the wild ducks get the most for their money. For what could be more ideal on a hot day than half-flying and half-running to skim the surface of a shady lake or stream, dive and drink when you feel like it, and dry yourself automatically on a sunny bank, after a jolly game of a species of water polo?

Woodpigeons are rather too serious birds to go in for much frivolity, but at times they are so overcome with the joy of living that they grow playful, and, smacking the backs of their wings together smartly, float through the air in a series of beautiful dives.

One of the prettiest sights, and, at the same time, one of the rarest, is that of a small crowd of white butterflies playing at a kind of aerial leap-frog.

"DON'T WANT IT, THANK YOU."—JOHN BULL.

Curious Offers Made to Governments.

STORED away somewhere in the archives of the War Office is a mysterious document labelled The Secret Plan. The contents of that paper have never been allowed to leak out, because if they had become known they would have "staggered humanity."

The secret plan was an offer made to the British Government of the day to bring the Crimean war to a close by a means hitherto unheard of in the history of warfare. The details were known only to a few trusted officials, but it is believed that if the plan had been put into practice it would have brought the war to an abrupt end, though at such an appalling sacrifice of human life that the Government were forced to reject it.

The War Office has been the medium through which some very curious offers have reached the authorities, many of them emanating from faddists and cranks.

The Duke of Wellington, when war minister, had a sharp method of dealing with such people. Once a man made his way into his room with the offer of a bullet-proof coat. The Duke requested him to put it on, and stationed him against the wall at the end of the room. Then he called in the sentry, and ordered him to load with ball cartridge. The inventor made a hurried exit.

An illustration by a well-known cartoonist, which appeared some time ago, represented the secretary of the Admiralty holding up his hand as though to repel a persistent commercial traveller, and saying, "No, thank you; I don't want any warships to-day." Battleships have been frequently offered by one government to another, though it is generally only when they wish to get rid of a bad bargain.

The old turret-ship *Belleisle* was built for the Turkish Government, by whom she was sold to Great Britain. It was found she could only be used as a guard-ship, for if she went to sea there was considerable danger of her "turning turtle." Finally, the Admiralty could find no better use for her than to convert her into a target. A number of dummy figures were placed on board, and she was pounded hotly by a couple of battleships, which soon sent her to the bottom. She was afterwards raised in order to ascertain the result of the shell fire.

A pretty brisk trade was done in warships at the time of Japan's struggle with Russia. Two vessels built in England for a South American republic were offered to the Japanese Government, which promptly took them over. It was said that Russia was negotiating for them at the time, but it was a case of the highest bidder and "cash down."

An offer was once made for an entire country. This was when the late Baron Hirsch and the members of the Zionist League offered to purchase Palestine from the Porte, with a view to a return of the Jews.

The Jews also once made an offer to purchase an English town. The town in question was Brentford, and the "bid" amounted to £1,000,000. The purchasers were desirous if their offer was accepted that the town should be peopled only by Jews, who were to enjoy the full privileges of trade, franchise, and so on.

The British Government declined the bid, though it was said that the wealthiest Jews would come over from the Continent and settle there.

A bid for a mountain was made by Chili to the neighbouring state of Bolivia. The mountain lay just across the Chilian border, and the hollow cone at the top contained what was known as the Pitch Lake. The Bolivians were too indolent to work it themselves, so they sold the mountain to Chili. The pitch is cut out in square blocks, which look like asphalte, and carted away to be boiled down.

Small republics are proverbially "hard up." The tiny state of Goust, in the Pyrenees, which, by the way, is the smallest republic in the world, offered to place its finances in the hands of an American millionaire in return for a supply of the "ready."

A somewhat similar offer was recently made by a wealthy syndicate in the United States to a Central American republic. The syndicate offered to take over the revenues and practically run the state, but the negotiations fell through.

Perhaps the most curious offer ever made to a Government came from an enterprising philatelist in the United States. He proposed to a small republic in Central America that they should make a special issue of stamps for his benefit. The bargain was struck, and the American's stamp collection was enriched by a number of specimens which it was impossible for anyone else to obtain. He subsequently sold them at a very considerable profit.

The practice of issuing what might be termed "freak" stamps is often resorted to by small states as a means of raising the wind, for collectors willingly pay heavy prices for such rare specimens.

There once was a Liverpool lad,	Whose luck was remarkably bad,	He invested in cotton,	Which proved to be rotten,	. . . .

Prizes for last line offered on Page One.

What Becomes of Rubber Boots?

After Various Changes they End Up as Floor Covering.

HAS it not struck you that, in this age of utility, there must be a means of making use of the hundreds of tons of old rubber that is yearly thrown upon the market?

To say nothing of worn-out rubber boots and shoes, think of the enormous quantities of waste cycle and motor tyres, to mention only one other source of supply of used rubber. What becomes of it all?

There seems to be a general idea that the old rubber is "boiled up," or "down," and then remanufactured into a similar class of goods. But such is not the case. There are many stages in the life of rubber. In fact, it may be described as a descent from the cradle to the grave.

What is rubber, to begin with? Here, again, the popular idea is somewhat adrift. It is not only the juice of the india-rubber tree, but the product of a number of differing trees of the same family. The bulk of the supply, for the output of the world's manufactures, comes principally from Brazil and West Africa, and the raw product is more correctly named caoutchouc (pronounced cowtouch).

It reaches the manufacturer in a variety of forms which have different names to identify them. Balls, buttons, biscuits, lumps, thimbles, or spindles being the most common. When received in this raw condition it is a soft, plastic mass, which readily "coheres" if, when divided by a sharp knife, the edges, just cut, are brought together again. In this state it is of very little importance commercially.

JUDICIOUS APPLICATIONS OF HEAT.

It alters its character with a difference of temperature, becoming sticky and tending to lose any definite form which has been given it. To make it useful for the infinite purposes it now fills, it has to undergo a process of vulcanisation, or curing.

This consists of the addition of sulphur, usually, which is incorporated with the raw material by the application of heat. The heat has to be very carefully applied or the rubber itself would be injured by raising its temperature unduly. Steam heat, which may be perfectly controlled, is used for the purpose, and is applied to such a degree that the sulphur is raised to the melting point. What the change actually is that takes place has never quite accurately been ascertained. It is certainly partly a chemical change, by which the character of the rubber is altered, and partly a mechanical mixture, by which there is a process of incorporation.

However, the finished product is very different in its qualities from the raw material. It has gained in elasticity, is now impervious to water, has lost its sticky or plastic character, and will withstand wear to a much greater extent than formerly.

It is in this vulcanised condition that we see most of the rubber manufactures. Footwear, tyres, rubber balls, hose piping, and rubber mats have all been subjected to this radical change.

There are many variations in value in crude rubber. The best quality is very expensive, and 6s. a pound is not an unusual price for the better class.

FROM RUBBER BOOT TO CYCLE TYRE.

It follows, then, that much of what we term rubber is only partially rubber. The bulk of its ingredients being something else than the pure caoutchouc. Cycle and motor tyres are examples of the best type of pure rubber manufacture in which there is the very least of foreign admixture.

The process of reclaiming rubber from the old or waste products is one of considerable difficulty. The sulphur which is incorporated with it can never wholly be removed; and, whilst any great percentage of it remains, it is impossible to remanufacture the material to anything approaching its former grade.

But, as we have said, there is a constant descent of rubber from its first use to its last. The best qualities when reclaimed may be used to produce a material a stage lower in the rubber scale. Motor tyres, from which the bulk of the sulphur has been extracted, may be used, with a proportion of new rubber of inferior class, to make shoes and goloshes.

When these have served their purpose they are again subjected to similar processes and emerge as rubber mats or hose-piping, in which the percentage of good, new rubber is far lower than in the previous instance. And when the rubber mats have seen their best days there is yet a still further stage for the rubber to assume. Its final appearance is made in "kamtulicon," a floor covering of great durability and usefulness.

There is something fascinating in the reflection that the cycle tyre we ride on to-day we may be using next season again as the sole of our tennis shoes, and when these have been discarded we may yet again have them beneath our feet in the form of rubber mats or floor covering.

—I assure you this isn't conceit—But just buy and submit it to test.

ANOTHER COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MAN WHO HESITATED

By ARTHUR STANLEY GOLDSTEIN.

"HELP!"

The unnerving, harrowing scream of a strong man, whose strength and manhood have collapsed beneath the sudden strain of some deadly fear, some overpowering agony.

The Thames looked placidly beautiful. A growing circle of wavelets swept slowly over its calm surface—swept away as though shrinking in horror from the gruesome bubbles that came sputtering up where the swimmer had sunk down like lead.

A minute before Vernon Dale had stopped to admire the solitary swimmer's strength and grace, as he cut through the water like some fabulous sea-creature, with a beautiful side-stroke.

Vernon Dale had passed on, for a man has no time to lose when the woman he loves is waiting for him. She was the daughter of the rector of a riverside parish, and it was his first visit to her beloved country home. The quaint, short little steeple of the church was in sight now—the church where, some day perhaps, he and she would. . . .

"*Help!*"

Dale started and looked back. The swimmer had disappeared, but a tiny whirlpool on the peaceful face of the river showed where the strong man had been forced to yield.

"Cramp!" muttered Dale. And he ran swiftly back along the bank, with his eyes fixed on the surface of the water, waiting to see the man rise again. The circle of wavelets was widening, and scarcely a sign remained now of the man who had roused his admiration so few minutes ago.

Dale was a strong swimmer himself. He flung off his coat and waistcoat, and was tearing madly at his heavy walking boots . . . when he stopped, and seemed as if suddenly turned to stone.

He had thought of Nina!

The vision of the girl's face rose before him, pure as an angel's, and sensitive—oh, there was no creature so sensitive in the wide world! Those little lips that quivered with pain when he kissed her good-bye, the weak, white hands that clung to his so passionately when he had to leave her for a few short months, he saw them, he felt them, now! The lips were rent with wild prayers for his safety, the hands were clinging madly to his arm, holding him back from the gaping jaws of death!

A moment or two of maddening indecision. Oh, if they only loved each other less—just a little less!

Had anyone been there to see, he would have thought Vernon Dale was a maniac. His face was haggard and a ghastly white, the eyes gleaming and prominent—indeed, his mind was, for the time, unbalanced.

If he went down, too, and did not rise again, it would kill Nina!

"I can't do it!" he said hoarsely, as if to the man whose life had been choked and stifled out of him somewhere down amongst the dank, loathsome weeds and slime. "I can't do it. I daren't risk it. It might kill the woman I love!"

Mechanically, Dale put on his vest and coat again. No one would ever know!

"We will keep our secret well—we two!" he said in a horrible whisper, looking down as if he could see something at the bottom of the calm river. Then he glanced hastily right and left. Someone might have been watching after all.

Round a bend in the river there came a small boat, lightly and swiftly propelled by a skilful oarsman. Somehow the sight of another human being brought Vernon Dale back to sanity—and to a terrible, crushing sense of the naked, live, undying horror of what he had undergone.

He had been mad to bring such reproach upon himself—dishonour worse than death! It was too late to make amends now, but escape was still possible. Swift as thought, he crashed through the hedge that bordered the bank, and ran through the meadows on the further side until he struck a road. No one would ever know!

An hour after, when Vernon Dale arrived, faint, sick, and pallid, at the ivy-covered rectory, he knew that he dared not keep his terrible secret. Until that day his life had been clean, and he had been accounted an honourable man. He must tell someone, and that very soon.

He could not tell Nina, but he would tell her brother. He had never met her brother, but according to Nina he was the noblest and most generous-hearted fellow breathing. And Nina was a pure-hearted, right-minded girl—surely her idol, Claude, must be a decent fellow! He would not judge him harshly because—for Nina had told him so—Claude was in love himself, and would understand.

Nina met him, radiant with joy, at the door. There was something sad and pitiful about the girl's wondrous, frail, sensitive beauty. Dale took her gently in his strong arms and thanked Heaven that he had not thrown his life and hers on the mercy of the cruel, insatiable river.

"Why, Vernon, how cold you are—why? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, dear. A little bit out of sorts, that's all—and the journey, you know. I hate railway travelling."

"Poor boy. You must come in and have something to eat and a glass of wine. Father is out, and I am all alone—except the servant, of course."

He went with the girl, and she had never seemed so gentle, so kindly, so womanly, so lovable as now. He forced himself to eat and drink for her sake. He forced himself to smile and joke, with a strong, young man's last bitter outcry against death still ringing in his ears.

"Is your brother in?" he asked her soon.

"No, Vernon. He is out walking, but he will be in soon. I am so sure you and Claude will be real, true friends—oh, Vernon, something *is* the matter with you—tell me what it is?"

He buried his face in his hands. He was undergoing torture, for he knew he could not keep silence much longer.

Nina was on her knees beside him. He felt her soft hair touch his hand, and her arms twine around his.

"Vernon, if there is anything on your mind, tell me. No one can help you as I can, for no one loves you as I do!"

"You are right, Nina," he answered in a hoarse, broken voice. "I will tell you—I must."

She waited. Her eyes were fixed on his in mute agony.

"As I was coming along the bank on my way here, there was a man swimming. I passed him, and when I was about a hundred yards from him he gave a cry and sank."

"How horrible!" she murmured with a shudder. "But—but—that is not all?"

"No, Nina. I ran back to the place where he sank—but *I did not try to save him.* Don't despise me, Nina, because it was for your sake. I was just on the point of plunging in when I thought of you, and of all I am to you—and then I *couldn't.* God forgive me if I did wrong, but it seemed to me at the time that it was right."

She rose to her feet, and staggered to a chair, white as death. "If you had died!" she said, clenching her hands and looking at him wildly. "If you had died . . . I could have borne it. I should have known I had loved a brave man!"

He sprang to her side, and took her in his arms. "Nina! Nina!" he cried passionately, "you cannot understand what it cost me to do as I did. It would have been easier a thousand times to plunge in and die than to leave him as I did. I am no coward, Nina! I once saved a boy from drowning—and"—he laughed wildly—"I won the Royal Humane Society's medal. Oh, Nina! can't you see that I was trying, even if I made a miserable mistake, to do what was best for you!"

"It's so horrible, that I can't think about it clearly at all," she murmured. Her eyes were closed, and her lips were quivering with her awful mental anguish.

"Can't you see, Nina, that it wanted far more courage to dare dishonour itself . . . for your sake? No man would have gone to the rescue of a total stranger under the circumstances. Forgive me for all the pain this causes you, but if I was wrong, I have suffered terribly, horribly. I thought I was going mad this afternoon. I—I—hardly knew what I was doing. . . . Oh, Nina!"

He talked rapidly, indistinctly, distractedly, and clasped her limp form feverishly, as though he feared to lose her for ever.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, you know it would have broken your heart if I had been drowned!" he groaned.

"*This—is worse,*" she whispered weakly.

"Have mercy on me, Nina!" he gasped, loosing his hold of her.

She rose, and stood before him, looking at him with eyes that neither reproached, pitied, nor pardoned him. She had completely regained her self-control, but the shock had left her apathetic and utterly bewildered.

"I do not know what to think," she continued, speaking slowly and impassively. "But I know what I feel. I feel that you did wrong. I feel that you should not have been afraid to inflict great pain even on me, if it were necessary."

He fell on his knees before her, and stretched out two trembling hands.

"Nina!" he cried miserably, "at least say you are sorry for me—that you still love me!"

She was weeping now—weeping her very heart out. She spoke between sobs that shook her frail body pitiably.

"Yes, oh, yes. I am bitterly sorry for you. It is cruel—cruel for us both."

In a few moments she grew calmer, then he spoke again:

"And you still love me?" he said, taking her hand in his.

A shudder ran through her frame.

"I do not know!" she answered. "I cannot judge you. I will not take it upon myself to judge you. Men are so different from what we women are—and what we think them. But Claude is a man, a brave and good man, and he is in love. He will understand it all better than I, and he will know whether you did right or wrong. If he says . . . he thinks you were right . . . I . . . I will try to feel that I am mistaken."

He stretched out his arms to her in an agony of appeal.

"And I will try to love you again."

She flung herself down upon a sofa, and gave way to an agony of weeping. "Oh, Claude! Claude!" she wailed.

"Very well," said Vernon grimly. "I will abide by your brother's decision."

A crunching of heavy feet on the gravel walk beneath the window. The subdued hum of hushed voices. Vernon sprang to the window in an agony of vague fear.

"What is that? Who are they?" screamed Nina in a paroxysm of horror.

He did not answer. He was looking out at something a couple of men were slowly carrying up to the house. Something covered with a tarpaulin that they bore on a stretcher.

"Something has happened—I must go and see." He moved forward to restrain her, but she went out of the room.

He stood there by himself, trembling violently in every nerve, a cold perspiration bursting from every pore. In his agony he cried aloud.

Then he crept down to the hall. He could not keep himself away. On the floor a man's body was resting on a hurdle, and Nina was crouching beside it, beating her hands slowly upon her head, moaning meanwhile, "My Claude, my Claude, my brother!"

And Vernon Dale learnt the verdict. The lifeless body of Nina's brother proclaimed him guilty.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE FRESH AIR FUND.

Opinions of Some Notable People.

BELOW we publish another batch of letters received from famous people whose names are well known to you, embodying their views on the Fresh Air Fund. Read them carefully:

Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes:

Anyone who has seen the good work done in America and elsewhere by taking the children out of the towns for awhile during the heated term cannot doubt the value of the Fresh Air Fund. Town children above a certain age don't care for the country as a permanency, because, as the little girl said, "There is nothing going on in them fields, and the cows are so rude"; but that does not affect the benefits of a few days' mental rest and absence of bodily discomfort to the child's system.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who knows so much about philanthropic work, writes from Taormina, Sicily:

In this glorious climate, and amongst the roses and orange blossoms, I confess to an enthusiastic sympathy with your Fresh Air Fund. I do hope that you will get a splendid collection this year, for how can the imagination of a town child develop without the sight of real trees and real green grass and without hearing all the musical sounds of hedgerow and woodland life? And without imagination what would be the end of our dusty old world?

General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, writes:

There is nobody who enjoys his holiday in the country more than I do. Like most of us, I just revel in the air, the green, and the sunlight, after the grimy bricks and mortar of town.

But, while enjoying it all, there lurks, back of it, a guilty feeling that there are crowds of less fortunate souls who are cut off from such pleasures; that there are not merely hundreds but hundreds of thousands of young lives being passed in the dirty slums of our great cities without any knowledge of this brightness and freedom outside.

They never get their holiday! And it is partly our fault that they don't.

It seems to me that those of us who take our annual outing might, and indeed ought, to pay some form of thank-offering or conscience money from our own holiday fund into the Fresh Air Fund for children. If we only gave 2 per cent. of our expenditure it would mean a good sum in the aggregate.

And when one comes to think how far even the smallest contribution goes it encourages one to give at any rate something to the F.A.F. Ninepence will give a child a full day's delight; for ten shillings you can give an outing to a dozen; while for £8 2s. you can give a whole party of two hundred youngsters—with their conductors—a happy day in the country.

It must necessarily much increase the enjoyment of one's own holiday when one is in a position to realise that it is being shared by a lot of young people as well; that a ray of sunshine is being put into young lives which might otherwise have passed—and many of them pass very soon—under an unbroken shadow of gloom and squalor.

I wish continued and increased success to the Fresh Air Fund, and hope that you will have a great response to your appeal this year.

Mr. Bonar Law says:

I need not say how heartily I wish you still greater success in your effort to extend still further the usefulness of the Fresh Air Fund. No one can go through the streets of our large cities and see the children playing about in the gutters without realising what an immense benefit it must be to them to see, if only once a year, something of the world which lies beyond the city boundaries.

The benefit is not confined to health considerations, great as these are—it must also tend to give them a truer view of the nature of the world in which they find themselves.

Sir Thomas Lipton's opinion is as follows:

I am delighted to know that you are arranging for a continuance of the magnificent work which you have been doing during recent years for the poor children by means of your Fresh Air Fund. I congratulate you most heartily on the success you have already achieved in this respect, and the enormous amount of good which you have been able to do. I know of no project which is better calculated to bring joy and happiness into the lives of the little children of the slums than that of giving them a day in the pure and health-giving air of the country, and I am sure that such an excellent object cannot fail to appeal to all those under whose notice it is brought.

Now turn to the last page of this issue, where we tell you how you can help the movement.

MRS. HASTYMATCH: "I had a dozen proposals before yours. All from smarter men than you, too!"

Mr. Hastymatch: "They must have been. How did they manage to crawl out of it?"

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," queried the clerk of the court, "have you fully agreed to disagree?"

"We have," answered the foreman. "The lawyers have bungled the case up so that we don't know any more about it than they do!"

"CHAWLES," asked a lady lately admitted by marriage to the aristocracy, who was staying at an hotel, "are there any presentable carriages here?"

"Yes, m'lady," replied her husband's valet.

"Well, I wish to pay some calls this afternoon. Go to the stables and tell them to send me the best 'cart-de-visit' they have!"

All you married men, take my advice, If you value the love of your wives,—

FIRST TIME TALKS.

The First Tour Round the World.

The Feat of Ferdinand Magellan.

On August 10th, 1519, there sailed from Spain a certain Ferdinand Magellan, having under him some 280 men, and five ships, the biggest of which was not a great deal larger than a present-day Thames mud-barge. Moreover, they were old and rotten. Nevertheless, by their aid it had been determined to circumnavigate a world which Magellan declared to be round, but which most people of that day believed to be flat.

Yes, flat. That was the prevalent idea. True, Columbus had proved twenty-seven years earlier, that great lands lay beyond the Atlantic Ocean; but these lands, it had now begun to be realised, were not part of Asia, as had at first been supposed. Consequently, men argued, there was no real reason for jumping to the conclusion that the discoveries of that intrepid navigator had proved the rotundity of the earth, but rather the reverse.

So, on this fateful date, Magellan and his men were sailing into unknown dangers, amongst thq least of which (so they believed) was that, on reaching the world's end, they should tumble off into space.

Ridiculous! Yes, it sounds so to us; but to the mariners of Magellan's time it did not sound at all ridiculous, or even improbable. Yet they agreed to accompany him. They were brave men, those old sea rovers.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

Just at first their course lay along fairly well traversed sea routes. The Canary Islands, where they touched for water and wood, were, of course, well known. Even the distant Brazilian coast had been visited, by Amerigo Vespucci, and others, at least as far south as the Rio de la Plata. But after leaving the mouth of that mighty river an absolutely uncharted sea lay before them.

Magellan's theory was that if he sailed far enough south he would presently find a strait which would lead him into the Eastern Ocean, or Pacific, as we now call it, and, as a matter of fact, of course, he was right. It was his luck. There might well have been no strait, in which case his crazy caravels would hardly have been able to stand the terrible weather they would have encountered in rounding Cape Horn. Or the south-west passage might easily have proved as impossible as did the north-west one, when Magellan's fate would probably have been that of Henry Hudson, who was set adrift by his revolted crews in the bay now named after him.

Even as it was Magellan very nearly came to a like end. His captains grew greatly alarmed at the shortness of the days and the terrible cold as the ships drew further and further south.

There was no sign of a strait. Even supposing, they argued, that the world was indeed round, as Magellan asserted, the land probably extended right up to the Antarctic pole. They were all going to their deaths.

This sort of talk bred the inevitable mutiny. Magellan awoke one morning to find that the other four ships had revolted during the night, the captains signalling that they intended to return to Spain.

Magellan's action was prompt and to the point. His own flag-ship remained staunch, and her crew were true. One by one he boarded and took possession of the mutinous vessels. Their commanders he punished with death. The leaders amongst the common sailors were flogged and put in irons. A priest and a high official were marooned. Then the fleet continued its voyage.

Many adventures were met with. On one of the islands they put in at they saw penguins for the first time, and were amazed at their vast numbers and quaint appearance. The seals, or, as the sailors called them, sea-wolves, were also a source of wonderment. But they reserved their chief astonishment for the Patagonian natives, whose tall stature impressed Magellan so much that he announced that they had at last arrived at the "land of the giants."

THE LAND OF THE GIANTS.

In attempting to make a closer acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants, one of the ships was cast away and lost, but soon after two "giants" were taken prisoners by a stratagem. After this the four remaining vessels stood away from the dangerous coast, but continued, of course, to sail towards the south. Those must have been anxious times for Magellan, who was well aware that unless he soon discovered either a strait or a cape marking the southern termination of the continent, he would be amongst the polar ice.

On October 21st, 1520, however, fourteen months after quitting Spain, the admiral sailed his ship into "a little opening like unto a bay," which proved to be the long-sought strait. A thanksgiving was held, and a little while after the squadron quitted the Atlantic and was sailing through the heart of the continent, with Patagonia on the one side of them and Terra del Fuego on the other.

But now arose fresh dissensions. Magellan's officers urged that, having found the strait, they might well return, since they had accomplished all that was expected of them. The admiral's answer was that they were only at the beginning of their enterprise, that he had set out to reach the Spice Islands by sailing west and so back to Spain, and that he meant to carry out his mission, "though they had to eat the leather on the ships' yards"—which, as a matter of fact, was precisely what, later on, they did have to do.

The upshot of this speech was that the biggest of his four remaining ships, the *San Antonia*, of 120 tons, deserted during the night and returned to Spain. Magellan, with the three ships that were left to him, pressed on, and shortly afterwards sailed out on to the broad bosom of the vast ocean that on account of its then quietude they christened the Pacific.

REDUCED TO EATING SAWDUST.

And now ensued a terrible time. During the space of three months and twenty days the adventurers were navigating an ocean that had never before upborne a European keel. Of land they saw not a trace, if we except two or three desolate and uninhabited islands, which afforded neither provisions nor water.

The result was that the rations were reduced to the smallest limits. Such a dearth was there that they ate by ounces, and held their noses as they sipped their tiny pannikins of water, because of the stench of it.

The biscuit was biscuit no longer, but a powder full of worms, for the worms had devoured its whole substance. Rats were caught for food, but they eventually became so scarce and therefore such a delicacy, that they cost half a ducat (about 2s.) apiece. Sawdust also was utilised as food, and towards the end they were forced to eat the hides with which the yards were covered.

As a result of these terrible privations, scurvy broke out. Men, struck by the epidemic, were thrown overboard while yet alive, with a view to staying the spread of the contagion. At length, when but three days' provisions remained amongst the whole fleet, land was sighted, and a number of natives came out to meet them. This was on March 6th.

The natives proved arrant thieves, wherefore Magellan called the islands the Ladrones, or Robbers' Islands. They were, however, quite willing to barter, and the ships took on board immense quantities of fresh fruit and vegetables, as well as water. During their stay trouble occurred owing to the theft of a skiff, and several of the natives lost their lives.

Pushing on, Magellan presently found himself amongst the Philippine Islands, then, as now, inhabited by a fierce and war-like race. Trouble soon arose. The arrogance of the Spaniards incensed the natives, and at length the people of the island of Mactan sent, saying that they wished to have nothing to do with the white strangers.

Following his usual plan, Magellan landed at the head of a small force to chastise them for their "impertinence," and was immediately attacked by some thousands of savage warriors, armed with spears, swords, and bows and arrows. A desperate conflict ensued, in the course of which Magellan and many of those with him were killed. A few days later, the natives of the neighbouring island of Sebu also attacked the Spaniards, killing between forty and fifty of them.

These twin disasters naturally struck terror into the remnant of the expedition, now left without a leader. A consultation was held, the outcome of which was the abandonment of one of the three ships, the voyage being then resumed with the two remaining ones, the *Trinidad*, of 110 tons, and the *Victoria*, of 85. On board these two vessels were 115 men, all that were left of the 280 who had sailed from Seville some two years previously.

Slowly and sadly they wended their way westward, amidst islands abounding in beautiful flowers, luscious fruits, and clear, sparkling water, but inhabited also by fierce and bloodthirsty savages, whose prowess they had learned by bitter experience to respect. They dared only land here and there, and consequently their provisions ran so low that they seriously entertained the idea of seeking out some uninhabited island and there settling down for the rest of their lives.

Luckily, however, so rash a step proved to be unnecessary; for, although they did not know it themselves, they were now approaching from the west, lands that had already been reached by European adventurers sailing eastward. This they first realised on landing on an island called Palawan, where, to their intense astonishment, they found a negro who spoke Portuguese, having, he explained, acquired it in the Moluccas, where he had become a Christian.

These Moluccas were, of course, the "Spice Islands," the main object of their voyage. The two ships clapped on sail, and, guided by the negro, presently reached them, taking in therefrom great quantities of cloves, a commodity at that time more precious even than gold in the eyes of Europeans. Then, on Wednesday, December 18th, 1521, the weary and wave-tossed explorers weighed anchor on the last stage of their momentous voyage.

Fresh difficulties, however, awaited them, not the least of which was the loss of the *Trinidad*, which sprang a leak and had to be abandoned, together with fifty-six of her officers and crew. Thus, there was but one ship, the *Victoria*, left remaining out of the five that had set out upon the expedition, and she carried but a pitiful total of sixty men, all told, of which forty-seven were Europeans and the rest natives.

Of these sixty, many perished on the way home of scurvy, starvation, and hardships, and some deserted, so that when the vessel eventually anchored off the coast of Spain, there remained on her but eighteen Europeans and four natives.

Nevertheless, the great task had been accomplished. The world had been circumnavigated.

Next week: "The First Man in the Takla-Makan."

A MAP THAT LOOKS DULL, BUT REALLY ISN'T.

The dotted line in this map shows the route taken by those who first circumnavigated the globe. They sailed from Spain in a westerly direction, and more than three years elapsed before the survivors of the expedition reached home again.

There once was a Liverpool lad, Whose luck was remarkably bad.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO WIN CASH.

He invested in cotton, Which proved to be rotten,

. . . . . .

Think of a last line and win a prize. *See Page One.*

—Get THE NOVEL and then they'll be nice To you all for the rest of their lives.

SIDELIGHTS ON CRICKET.

Cricket Ground Characters.

An Entertaining Article by P. F. WARNER.

"THERE was a crowd of —— thousand spectators." How often does one read an account of a great match beginning or ending in this manner. The game itself is the thing we are told over and over again, but the game—that is the first-class game—could not exist without the spectators; for it is they who supply the sinews of war, as without their sixpences and shillings no county club would be able to exist.

And what a splendid thing it is to see that same crowd arriving with such keen and eager faces, a small luncheon basket in the hands, or sandwiches in the pockets of many, anxious to obtain the best possible view, even if the maintenance of that view entails sitting in an uncomfortable position in a blazing sun or biting wind for five or six hours; for on a big day no one dare leave his or her seat.

And even more wonderful still are the thousands who will stand throughout three long days' cricket in order not to miss a ball.

ALL EYES ON THE BATSMAN.

The ring of spectators sees more of the game than the pavilion critic who often arrives late, and who is constantly leaving his seat or turning away to speak to some friend. But how different is the ring. Except during the usual intervals they very seldom take their eyes off the field, and one has only to be present at an important match and hear the instantaneous sigh of relief when some Test match hero has been given in on appeal to understand that their attention has not wavered for an instant.

Then, how good it is to listen to the roar of joy when some great batsman is sending the ball to the boundary or when some brilliant catch has been made. The cheap dismissal of a dangerous batsman by the side to whom their sympathies extend is greeted with thunders of applause; and the greatest compliment ever paid to A. C. MacLaren's genius as a batsman was the prolonged cheering which greeted his early dismissal in a Test match at Sydney.

THE STAID SPECTATORS OF ENGLAND.

The days have long gone by since England was the only country in which the game flourished; for cricket is played, and played well, too, in the most remote corners of the British Empire. It has been my good luck to play all over the world, from Lord's to Invercargill, at the bottom of New Zealand, where I saw the most Southerly gas lamp in existence, and from Buluwayo to San Francisco; and in the course of my wanderings with bat and ball I have come across all sorts of characters in the crowds quite different from the usually staid and sober spectators of an English cricket ground.

The visit of an English team to the West Indies is an event which is eagerly looked forward to. The black population is especially enthusiastic. They climb the trees around the ground, and keep up a running comment on the game, and it is somewhat disconcerting to a batsman to hear a yell of "Bowl him out!" as the bowler begins his run.

One "Britannia Bill," as he called himself, was particularly in evidence. Armed with a huge Union Jack on a bamboo pole, he waved it about enthusiastically whenever the game was going in our favour, shouting the while "England for ever!"

As we were leaving Barbados for Demerara, Britannia Bill turned up again with his Union Jack, and, taking off his hat, said solemnly to me "That you may never get out in Demerara is the wish of Britannia Bill." I was so pleased that I gave him a shilling.

TURNED A SOMERSAULT ON THE PITCH.

Lord Hawke was a source of joy to the native mind. He was regarded as a sort of deified governor whose good fellowship allowed him to stoop to cricket. On going out to bat he was generally greeted with shouts of "Welcome, my Lord," followed by an exhortation to the bowler to "give the Lord a duck."

Once, indeed, at St. Vincent, the bowler did not disappoint the crowd, for Lord Hawke retired first ball, whereupon the scene which followed was, one ventures to think, unique. First of all, the bowler turned a somersault on the pitch, a way of evincing delight at the dismissal of an opponent one does not usually see at Lord's or the Oval; but after he had gone through his acrobatic performances, it was even more interesting to watch the crowd, who threw their hats in the air, danced about in front of the ring, shook hands with one another, beat the ground with their sticks, and altogether evincing a most unholy delight.

It was the most extraordinary scene I had ever witnessed on a cricket ground, but the West Indian negro goes quite mad about cricket, and, when A. E. Stoddart was in Barbados, hundreds of them used to gather round his hotel on a chance of catching a glimpse of the great man.

Some of the native criticism is most amusing. The Barbados XI. made a capital fight against Lord Hawke's team, and as we were leaving the field a black man rushed up and shouted at the top of his voice, "We shall yet propel our flag among the nations as the colony which has humbled its mother."

On another occasion, when fielding in the boundary, a black man, who had watched in melancholy silence the collapse of the home team, said to me, "Nebber mind, sah, we just do our best for de honour of de country"; while the climax was reached when, on our defeating British Guiana, one man was so delighted that he took off both his boots and waved them about frantically.

Some of the best crowds I have ever played before are to be found in South Africa, and particularly at Johannesburg. They are impartial to a degree, applauding each side in turn, though the fact that the larger number of the spectators are British in taste and sympathy has a good deal to do with this impartiality.

There is no more attentive crowd than a Lord's crowd, and it is the most cosmopolitan of all excepting, perhaps, a San Francisco crowd, which is composed of all nations. Statesmen, judges, K.C.'s, eminent literary men, soldiers, sailors, business men, postmen, compositors, clerks, good men, bad men, busy men, idle men are there; each one, for the time being, forgetful of his troubles and anxieties and intent only on the game.

As crowds go in England, a Lord's crowd is a good judge of cricket, but not so well versed in the nicer points as an Old Trafford, Bramall Lane, or Oval crowd—and neither so frantically enthusiastic or so liable to lose its head as a Sydney crowd.

BOOING THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN.

Only twice have I ever seen anything like a "demonstration" at Lord's. The first time was in the famous 'Varsity match of 1896. Cambridge was leading in the first innings by 131 runs with only one Oxford wicket to go down.

Rightly or wrongly, F. Mitchell, the Cambridge captain, judged that it would be better for his own side to go in again than to field for the rest of the afternoon, and E. B. Shine, who was then bowling at the pavilion wicket, settled the matter by sending down three balls—two of them no balls—to the boundary for four each. These twelve runs deprived Oxford of the chance of following on, and immediately afterwards the Oxford innings closed for 202 or 117 behind.

As the Cambridge eleven left the field they were hooted at from all quarters of the ground, and inside the pavilion matters were still worse, and many angry things were said and done. The incident gave rise to a long correspondence in the *Times*, and four years later the follow-on was extended to 150 runs, and made optional, and Mitchell's action therefore justified.

THE FICKLE AUSTRALIAN CROWD.

The second occasion was during the Middlesex and Australian match at Lord's in August 1899. Iredale and Darling were batting with extreme caution—Darling particularly so. Now, Darling, as everyone knows, is an extraordinarily powerful hitter, and the state of the game did not demand that he should take three hours to make his first 38 runs.

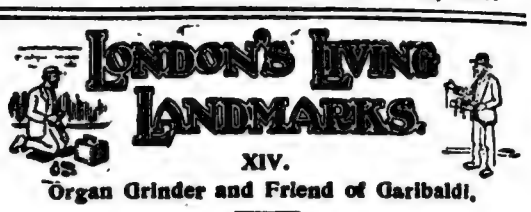
The crowd, after a while, resented this monotony, and cheered each ball ironically, a lapse of good manners which developed into the whistling of "Poor old Joe" to the accompaniment of thousands of feet beating time on the wooden seats of the new mound stand. Just at the end of the day Darling made several beautiful hits, and the same people who had previously hooted him cheered him enthusiastically as he retired for an innings of 111.

An Australian crowd is a fickle one. When one is doing well they can't applaud enough, but the moment you fail they start heaving bricks.

In a Victoria *v.* South Australia match Clem Hill was dismissed for a small score in each innings, and he returned to the pavilion to an accompanying chorus of "You're a back number," "Go and play ping pong, Clem," and I have heard much the same sort of thing addressed to Trumble.

Their remarks are extremely personal, and we have heard Armstrong urged to hit a certain batsman "on his bald head" and Crockett to "get ready his coffin," but they know how to cheer, and it is good to hear their roar of delight when Trumper has roused them to a frenzy of excitement. They are occasionally somewhat trying to the nerves, but their bark is worse than their bite, and they understand more about cricket than any other crowd.

Next week—"Great Hitters."



XIV.

Organ Grinder and Friend of Garibaldi.

[Giuseppi Bellini is his name, and he is very well known in the streets and squares surrounding the British Museum.]

I AM an Italian, distantly connected with Bellini, the great artist, and my father was a soldier, who assisted Garibaldi in freeing Italy from the yoke of her oppressors.

I remember Garibaldi very well, and can see him now, with his red shirt, long beard, and beautiful face. He was a frequent visitor at our house, and passionately fond of us children.

One day, I well recall, he took me on his knee, and, fondling my curly head, said gravely: "My boy, always remember that the passport to greatness is not riches, but truth, courage, and energy."

My father was killed fighting at Valletri, and with his death we fell upon evil times. My mother, to eke out her small pension, took in boarders, amongst whom was an English artist, who took a fancy to me. I came to England with him as valet, and served him for about five years, when he was drowned in a boating accident at Henley, and, aged eighteen, I found myself thrown on the world.

I was a good-looking, well-made young fellow then—'tis nearly fifty years ago—and, being known to my late master's many artist friends, I got employment as a model. This lasted a year or two, when I became a waiter at an Italian *café* near Leicester Square, where a lot of secret gambling went on. Eventually, the place was raided; and in turn I became an ice cream vendor, a dealer in Italian images, a sandwich-man, a paper-seller, a hotel-waiter, a baker, a photographer's tout, and, finally, an organ-grinder.

MY MONKEY AND I.

I paid £5 for my organ, and this sum included a monkey. I soon grew to love Jacko better than myself—I might go short of food, but he always had plenty—and the only time I ever had any trouble with your police was through my love for Jacko.

One day I was playing outside a public-house near Tottenham Court Road when a man came out and threw a penny at my feet. Jacko jumped down, picked it up, and then screamed with pain—have you ever heard a monkey scream in anguish?—it is worse, far worse than a child. The penny had been made red-hot, and Jacko's hand was terribly burnt.

I unstrapped my organ, and went for the man, who stood roaring with laughter. He tried to run away, but I collared him. I think I should have killed him, had I not been dragged off. For I saw red.

The police came, and I was locked up. Fortunately, a gentleman who had seen the whole affair came forward, and I was let off with a caution.

Jacko died, as nearly all monkeys do in this terrible climate, of consumption. When he was very bad he used to cry, and cough, and behave just like a Christian. Only he never swore.

THE POOR HELP THE POOR.

I have had one or two funny experiences. One evening I was playing outside a club in Piccadilly, when the hall porter beckoned to me and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. I was taken into a room, and a young swell asked me if I would assist him in a joke, promising me a sovereign if I would. All I had to do was to go with him in a cab to a fancy-dress ball.

I agreed, and off we went to a big house in Belgrave Square. Acting on instructions, I walked boldly in and up into the ball-room, where people soon began crowding round me, calling me "Bertie," and saying it was no good trying to deceive them, as they knew who I was. It was very funny, for they kept criticising my costume and saying that although it was very good anyone could see I was not the real thing. And then Bertie came in, and there was great excitement, and I played them a tune.

One of my tunes is "Die Wacht am Rhein," and I was playing this outside a house one day when a gentleman came out and told me to take my organ to a house he pointed out, where he said lived a friend of his who was very fond of this tune. He gave me a shilling and told me to play the tune six times.

Off I went, and was about half-way through the second tune when the window was thrown open and a flower-pot hit me on the head, leaving a mark I carry to this day. However, I went on playing, and the flower-pot was followed by all sorts of missiles, boots, brushes, soap, coals, and what not, until an excited gentleman dashed out of the house and started grumbling at me in French.

Then I saw the point of the joke, and moved on.

I do not think I shall ever go back to Italy. I hate your winters, but I love your people, and the spirit of freedom in England appeals to me, as it does to all Italians. And, then, your poor are so good. If it were not for the English poor, many of us poor fellows would soon starve.

But I do not love your police. They have no soul for music.

"Sensible Advice to the Newly-Wed." See the June RAPID.

Even those who have never before read a serial story are invited to sample this one. A glance at the first column will put you in possession of what has already appeared.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY. **BEGIN READING TO-DAY.**

NO PAST IS DEAD.

By SIDNEY WARWICK,

Author of "Shadows of London," "The Knave of Diamonds," "In Name Only," etc., etc.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

JUST a lovers' quarrel, but how far-reaching was the result to be!

The green-eyed monster arises between Dennis Garth and Olive Kernham, and that bane of all lovers, pride, brings about a disagreement. Dennis loathes Ernest Roden, and objects to his sweetheart conversing with him. Olive shares her lover's dislike for the cunning, malicious Roden, but remonstrates with Dennis about his jealousy.

The breach broadens, and sharp words are spoken. Olive hands back her ring, the symbol of a secret engagement. Her lover flings it from him across the twilit moor. Then he strides away.

The awakening comes. Olive calls her lover's name, but only the echoes answer. With a cold feeling at her heart she wends her homeward way.

As she nears the cliffs she sees a sight that appals her. Two men are struggling on the precipitous edge. Suddenly the night air is rent by a shriek, and one of the combatants topples over. Olive recognises his distorted face. It is Ernest Roden.

Fear grips the girl's heart. Is this her lover's revenge? But her doubts are soon set at rest; the man at whose hand Roden has been killed rushes past her. It is not Dennis, but Ailwyn Trent, a neighbouring landowner's son.

Swiftly someone approaches her from behind; Margaret Roden, the dead man's sister, appears, having heard her brother's death scream. Olive implores her not to go further, but still she races on.

The sister who had been blind to all Roden's faults reaches the scene of the struggle. A coastguard is there also. By a circuitous descent he reaches the dead body. Margaret follows him.

Ailwyn Trent runs home like one possessed. Olive meets him again, and they enter his residence. Whilst he is declaring that it was an accident that sent Roden over the precipice, his father enters. When Sir Lionel Trent hears of his son's crime he thinks not of himself, but of his wife. Lady Trent is seriously ill, and if her son is arrested the shock will possibly kill her.

There is but one thing to do. Margaret Roden must have guessed that Olive had seen the struggle, but Margaret is unconscious, her lips are sealed; the doctor says she will not be able to speak for a week. At the end of that period Olive will be forced to give evidence, and the truth will come to light. Sir Lionel understands this. He suggests a way out.

If Olive and Ailwyn marry, Olive will not have to give evidence against Ailwyn, for the law decrees that a wife need not give evidence against her husband.

Poor Olive! In her heart she loves Dennis Garth, but that very evening they had parted with bitter words. The troubled girl begs a day to think over matters. She comes to her decision. To save Lady Trent's life she will marry Ailwyn.

But Ailwyn knows that in shielding one crime he will commit another. Two years ago he secretly married a chorus girl, and his wife is still living. Roden discovered his secret, and continually blackmailed him. The wrestle on the cliffs was the result.

Ailwyn pays a visit to his real wife's abode, some cheap flats in Battersea, with the intention of recovering a photograph of himself that she possesses. She is absent, so he turns over her belongings in his efforts to find the portrait. His search is fruitless.

That night Mrs. George Ailwyn, as she is known, is found murdered. The police obtain a description of her mysterious husband, whose visits are very infrequent, but who had called upon her that very day.

They find something on the floor. It may prove a clue.

Olive marries Ailwyn. Then, too late, Dennis returns. He is astounded on hearing of the marriage, and whilst talking with Olive he is arrested for Roden's murder. The dead man's sister has spoken and implicated him. In the dim light she had mistaken him for Ailwyn.

Only then does Olive realise the enormity of her action. She, who knows the real culprit, must not tell, and Dennis, the man she loves, will have to suffer. Rather than let an innocent man bear the blame, she entreats her husband to confess, but Ailwyn is afraid to.

Ailwyn is worse than a coward. He realises that the case against Dennis Garth is very weak, so he visits the Garths' residence and brings away with him a stick and cigarette-case belonging to Dennis. Then he steals to the scene of the cliff struggle. Just as he is about to drop the stick over the cliff his father surprises him. Words cannot depict the old man's grief when he comprehends the meaning of Ailwyn's action.

Whilst Sir Lionel is upbraiding him for his treachery, Ailwyn manages to knock the cigarette-case over the edge. There will be ample evidence against Dennis now.

Someone, however, witnessed the incident. Mr. Herbert Burgoyne, out-of-work actor and friend of the late "Mrs. George Ailwyn," stops Ailwyn as he leaves the cliffs and renews a previous acquaintance. The suggestions he makes seem uncommonly like blackmail. Ailwyn agrees to run up to London and see him the following night.

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER NINE.

One End of a Broken Thread.

AILWYN caught the mid-day express for London the next day.

There was a sense of relief for him to be in the train that was carrying him away from the place associated with that tragic affair and all the events that had followed it. He was glad to be away from his father's stern face, whose eyes had altered so much in their regard of him since that moment of the previous night when Sir Lionel had surprised his purpose on the cliffs. There had been a constraint between father and son since; scarcely a word had passed between them.

And Ailwyn was glad to be away for a time even from his wife, whose white face was a constant reproach, whose coldness and indifference angered him.

He had pretended that an urgent matter of business that had cropped up unexpectedly had called him up to London for a day or two—an explanation that was received in silence both by Olive and his father.

"I believe she's glad to see the back of me!" Ailwyn muttered in sullen, jealous anger. "Dennis Garth is all she cares about. It's enough for her that she's going to see him to-day."

It was the day when Olive was to have an interview with Dennis in prison.

He sat staring moodily out of the window of the carriage as the iron wheels rushed southward. What was Burgoyne's object in wanting to see him so urgently?

The man had disclaimed any intention to blackmail, but probably "the favour" he had referred to would amount to much the same thing—whatever it was the actor wanted, Ailwyn would not dare to refuse. He knew that Burgoyne, for all his assumption of genial good-fellowship, was utterly unscrupulous, and would think nothing of using the enormous lever this discovery had placed in his hands to his own advantage.

He had made the acquaintance of Herbert Burgoyne—a very slight acquaintance it had been, after all, in spite of the latter's greeting to him as "my old pal"—through his late wife.

Most of her acquaintances were connected in some capacity or another with the theatrical profession—very minor lights, most of them.

Burgoyne's name had figured prominently in the newspaper reports of the crime and the inquest, where he had been a witness. He and the old charwoman, whom Ailwyn had seen when he called at his wife's flat in the afternoon of that day, were the persons who had made the discovery that Clara Ailwyn was murdered.

Throughout the newspaper accounts the Press had flattered Mr. Burgoyne's vanity, which was not inconsiderable, by referring to him as "a well-known actor"; it made such a much more effective lino for the bills: "Well-known Actor Gives Evidence."

That Herbert Burgoyne was not well-known in any sense did not trouble the special reporters; a good headline was more to them than mere pedantic accuracy.

He played in minor provincial touring companies when he was lucky enough to have an engagement; when he was "out" he haunted Bedford Street bars—he had reduced the borrowing of half-crowns to a science—and referred vaguely to professional jealousy that kept him out of a London engagement. If no one else believed in his talents, at least Mr. Burgoyne himself did.

Although it was six days old, the murder in that London flat still occupied a prominent place in the newspapers. Ailwyn had bought half-a-dozen papers; he opened them and read the accounts eagerly as the train bore him to town. There was nothing fresh.

He had been relieved to find the description given of the missing husband "George Ailwyn" so inaccurate. And evidently no photograph of himself had been found in the flat.

It was the mystery of the dead woman's missing husband that largely occupied the public interest in this case. There was a general disposition to consider him the guilty man, since he had not come forward, although he was known to have been at his wife's flat earlier that day, and to have expressed his intention of returning later. The known bad terms on which he had lived with his wife were made much of in print, even exaggerated.

The dead woman had been found lying in the empty flat, stabbed to the heart by some person unknown.

So far nothing had come to light to indicate the ownership of the weapon—a small antique stiletto. But it was hinted in the papers that the police had discovered one important clue. But as to its nature the Scotland Yard authorities were strictly reticent.

Ailwyn wondered feverishly what that clue was—whether it would implicate him.

London was reached. It was about six o'clock in the evening. From the railway terminus Ailwyn Trent drove to an hotel off Piccadilly where he usually put up in town. As he drove through the streets a thin haze was beginning to creep clammily over the great city. By the time he had finished dinner at the hotel the murk was appreciably deepening.

Ailwyn stood at one of the long windows and looked out into the cheerless street—the long line of lamps glowed dully yellow through the haze; the pavements and roads were greasy. He felt half inclined to telegraph to Burgoyne to come to see him at the hotel, but reflections of prudence decided him against the course. No; he would have to go out, uninviting as the prospect was.

Above the confused babel and din from the roadway he heard the hoarse voices of newsboys. The last editions were just out.

What were they crying? He listened with a nervous eagerness. It was not so very long since the newsboys had rushed through London shouting out about a terrible murder in a Battersea flat and about a missing husband whom the police wanted.

In the dim street he saw the boys disposing of their stock almost as fast as they could hand the copies to customers. Had some new discovery been made about the crime that so intimately concerned himself? The fear instinctively crossed his mind. Perhaps that supposed clue about which the police were so reticent——

Ailwyn breathed more freely. His apprehensions had been groundless. He caught the words one of the boys was shouting:

"Wreck of an Atlantic Liner. Reported Loss of Many Lives."

The first reference to the disaster had appeared in the morning papers. In a dense fog a steamship had collided in mid-Atlantic with the *Saracen*, homeward bound from Canada, cutting into the steel sides with such force that within an hour the *Saracen* had gone down. Though it was reported that many of those on board had been taken off in the boats, it was feared that the death-roll would prove to be heavy.

Ailwyn Trent bought a paper as the hotel commissionaire hailed a four-wheeler for him, and read the account of the ocean tragedy as he drove towards Burgoyne's rooms.

Burgoyne lodged in a street off the Wandsworth Road, a mile or two distant from the flat in Bessborough Mansions that was associated with the bitter tragic mistake of "George Ailwyn's" married life, its still more tragic end.

Trent had hesitated at first when the actor suggested that he should go to his rooms; he did not want to run the risk of meeting any other old acquaintances. But, after all, he had never been to the rooms before; the landlady would not recognise him. And in his own interest Burgoyne would keep his doors closed to everyone that night. Perhaps this rendezvous was the safest place.

The murky haze, though not dense, was sufficiently pronounced to impede traffic, and the clammy vapour had made the wood pavements "like a bloomin' skating-rink," as Ailwyn's driver jerked out grumblingly. The cab proceeded slowly, scarcely at a more than crawling pace, down Buckingham Palace Road towards the Thames.

As they crossed the bridge a chill breath stole up from the river—now a mere gulf of yellow vapour between the dark banks—and from the southern side a wave of thicker murk seemed to meet them, into which the cab-horse crawled half-heartedly. There were hoarse, inarticulate shouts from the muffled roadway, the constant hooting of motor-horns, and a running fire of picturesque word-painting from half-invisible, exasperated drivers. The cab stopped.

"It's no use, guv'nor," the cabman said. "'Tisn't often I chucks up the sponge, but a blessed mariner with a compass as big as Westminster clock couldn't keep 'is bearings on a night like this. Look for yourself. It's a good two mile furder, and this 'ere fog—Lor, love a duck, it's gettin' that thick you could fair chew it! I shouldn't never get there if I druv yer all night!"

The concluding remark was true in a sense the speaker hardly intended. For just then a motor-'bus, coming up behind, skidded and was on them.

The 'bus only grazed the cab, but the impact was enough to shatter the glass and take off a wheel. Ailwyn leapt out on the other side, shaken but unhurt, and in a vile temper—a state that also expressed mildly the cabman's feelings.

Ailwyn did not wait to take part in the scene that followed. He thrust the amount of his fare into the hand of the explosive cabman—who was too busy placing on record his unflattering opinion of motor-'bus drivers in general and of this driver in particular to appear aware of the proceeding—and slipped out and was lost in the fog before the constable, who appeared on the scene miraculously as from nowhere with an open note-book, could take his name and address.

It was too near the street where his wife had lived for Ailwyn to wish to be dragged into the affair, with possible police-court proceedings to follow, as a witness.

Reviling his luck and reviling Burgoyne, Ailwyn Trent set out to walk to a railway station. Probably all the trains were delayed, but he realised the uselessness of trying to walk the intervening two miles. The fog was sufficiently thick to confuse landmarks; he would certainly lose his way if he made the attempt.

In the daylight the main road where he found himself was familiar enough. He knew that one of the turnings near should bring him to the railway station.

He groped his way along; within the misty radiance of street lamps faces would leap out from the yellow void and

John Strange Winter writes "Thoughts on All Subjects" in the June RAPID.

be swallowed up again almost uncannily—mere shadows of men. At a street corner a gust of wind came rasping through the heavy air; if only the wind would rise, the murk might lift, and there would be a chance of his finding Burgoyne's lodgings. As it was, he had not been walking five minutes before he realised that he had lost his way.

He must have taken a wrong turning. The street names were two high up to be readable. He walked on, hoping to come across a pillar-post; the name of the street would be on the plate. Then a dull light broke through the filmy enveloping curtain that was not a street-lamp—it was a lamp lettered in blue over a doorway, and as he came up he saw notice-boards on either side of the door. It was a police-station—a landmark he recognised. It stood at the top of Grange Road, in which Bessborough Mansions were situated.

A police-station—and no doubt on the notice-boards would be a description of "George Ailwyn." He hurried past with a little shiver.

On a sudden impulse he took the turning and walked down the road, prompted by a curious desire. In the daylight he would have shunned Grange Road of all places on earth. To-night he could walk from end to end with impunity, when only in the immediate radius of the blurred light of a lamp could one distinguish a face a yard away.

The muffled stillness prevailing in the deserted road struck in Ailwyn Trent's thoughts an odd contrast with its aspect on the night he had last seen it.

Then a swaying, eager crowd had filled it; frowsy women had hung out of the opposite windows, an excited murmur filled the street, and all eyes were looking up at a tall building, watching a lighted window where moving shadows flitted on the blind—behind which, as every unit in that morbid, sensation-loving crowd knew, lay a murdered woman.

Ailwyn walked down the street, peering closely for landmarks. Here was the block of flats. The window that all those eyes had been watching on that other night he could not distinguish. It was in darkness now.

It had been that crowd staring up at the window that was Ailwyn Trent's first intimation of the tragedy. He had not dreamed that anything was amiss as he turned into the street that night on his way to pay the later visit that he had spoken of to the old charwoman—and that she dwelt on subsequently with such sinister interpretation to the police.

It had only been as he came to the outskirts of the crowd and had heard a raised voice near him speaking excitedly that any inkling reached him of the tragic event that had followed so swiftly and mysteriously on the heels of his visit of that afternoon.

And he had shrunk back then and made his way quickly from the street, only too thankful to have escaped recognition, in a state of shaking panic and horror. For the words he had caught were:

"Stabbed to the heart, they say, poor thing! Ailwyn her name was—Mrs. Ailwyn. Play-actress I've 'eard. And they say as it's her husband done it. I hope they nab him and hang him, that's all!"

As he walked slowly along past the wide block of flats, Ailwyn took a cigarette from his case. He struck a match, and in the act of lighting his cigarette he became aware of another figure in the fog whom he was approaching.

The flare of the wax vesta, that lit up his face for a moment, revealed the dim outline of a woman's figure. She was standing not many paces from him by the edge of the pavement, staring up in a seemingly absorbed attitude at—what? Was it at the window that a week ago had been the magnet of countless eyes?

As he struck the match the woman started and turned towards him.

Ailwyn saw her startled movement as she looked in his direction; then she made a quick step forward, as though to peer at his face more closely in the flicker of the match-light through the heavy black veil she wore. And simultaneously with the gesture a stifled cry, whether of surprise or fear, broke from her; and with that strange cry still on her lips she turned swiftly and plunged into the fog.

The match died out between Ailwyn Trent's fingers as his startled eyes followed her.

Who was the woman, and what could have scared her so unmistakably? Had it been the glimpse of his face, thrown up in the flare of the vesta? What other explanation seemed probable? Had she recognised him as the husband of the woman who had been murdered in the room at the window of which she appeared to have been staring?

Ailwyn Trent was as startled as she, but instinctively he made a swift step forward as if he would follow her. His foot kicked something lying on the pavement. He stooped and picked it up.

It was a woman's *porte-monnaie*.

Without doubt the veiled woman had dropped it in her hurry of flight; and the sight of his find, as he examined it under the misty glare of a road-lamp, confirmed his opinion that this unknown woman did not belong to the humbler classes.

His momentary glimpse of her had been too brief to distinguish the features under the heavy veil, and a long cloak had covered her dress—but the cloak was trimmed with a costly fur, and he had heard the rustle of a silk skirt as she fled away. And the sight of this dainty, expensive thing in his hands confirmed that impression of the class to which she belonged. It was of Russian leather, mounted in silver, and the chain was of silver.

Ailwyn stared at it, more puzzled than ever.

Why should the owner of such a costly thing have come to this mean street, alone, at such an hour and on such a night? It was too late to follow to restore the lost property to its owner, even had he wished.

Under the dim light of the lamp he opened the bag; it was just large enough to hold a handkerchief and a vinaigrette, against whose silver top some gold coins clinked. But it was none of these things that Ailwyn took out first—but a letter without an envelope, crumbled into the bag, that his first glance showed him.

He held up the letter to the light; then uttered a cry.

"Good Heavens!"

If Ailwyn Trent had been startled before by the woman's odd proceedings, he was tenfold more startled now.

The letter he was holding was in the handwriting of his dead wife!

Clara Ailwyn had penned this; he could not be mistaken—he had seen that sprawling, ill-formed hand too often. He knew that his dead wife had written this letter that had fallen so strangely into his hands, even though it was unsigned. The phrases, even the mis-spellings, were hers.

It was a short note, that began abruptly, without any indication as to whom it was addressed, whether man or woman. Why his wife had left the letter unsigned was obvious enough to Ailwyn Trent as he read. For it hinted at a dark secret known to the writer in the life of the person, man or woman, to whom it was addressed; and the inference was—blackmail!

The closing sentences of the note ran thus:

"Come to my place on Friday night next, if you're afraid of being seen coming in the daylight, between eight and nine. There won't be no one but just ourselves—Friday, the 16th, remember—and we can talk business. Treat me well, and your secret is as safe as a church with me. But if you don't—well, I know and you know someone else to whom this secret would be very interesting news."

The appointment made in this note had been for the hour at which the writer of it had subsequently been murdered.

The inference seemed clear; his wife had been blackmailing someone—man or woman—and that person had kept the appointment and had murdered her!

Here was a strange new light thrown on the mystery.

Startled, Ailwyn turned to search the little leather bag for some clue as to the identity of the owner. He held it up in the lamplight, and saw inside the flap of a pocket to hold visiting-cards.

He inserted finger and thumb to take out one of the strips of white pasteboard that were reposing there—when a hand almost like a claw, dirty and crooked, reached out over his shoulder and snatched the *porte-monnaie* out of his grasp.

With an exclamation Ailwyn turned quickly, to see for a moment, framed against the fog, the evil face of one of the human creatures of prey that prowl after dark through the jungles of great cities, who had come upon him stealthily, and whose eyes had evidently been attracted by the glitter of the silver mountings of the bag.

It was snatched out of Ailwyn's hand before his fingers could remove the visiting-card that might have told him so much, and the plunderer dashed away into the fog that baffled pursuit, leaving Ailwyn with the letter still in his hand, and no other clue whatever to the identity of the veiled woman.

CHAPTER TEN.

A Ring with an Inscription.

Burgoyne was just finishing a late repast when his landlady showed in Ailwyn Trent.

It was a room on the third floor. The window was shut, owing to the fog and damp outside, and the atmosphere within was more than tinged with a distinctive aroma, to which the bones of a kippered herring on a plate mutely pleaded guilty.

The actor rose and greeted his visitor with effusiveness.

"Glad to see you, Trent," he cried. "Wonder you managed to find your way at all in such a fog. Can I offer you anything to eat? The menu is lacking in variety, but if your fancy tends to the succulent two-eyed steak"—with a glance at the remains of the herring—"I am sure that Mrs. Jessop——"

It struck Ailwyn that there was quite enough herring in the atmosphere. He longed to fling open the window.

"Thanks, but I had dinner before I came. Nothing for me," he said. "I think I am fortunate to have found your place at all; it was more by good luck than anything."

"Glad you did. Then if you'll be so good as to clear away the *débris* of the feast, Mrs. Jessop"—to the landlady. "You'll find that couch comfortable, Trent. I'll take your coat."

Ailwyn sat down on the high-backed horse-hair sofa. The castor of one of the legs was missing, and a massive copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" afforded a temporary prop. He glanced round whilst Mrs. Jessop stacked the tea-things and the not over-clean cloth on a tray.

It was a small stuffy room, with a distinct theatrical flavour imparted by the presence of Burgoyne's big travelling basket, that occupied nearly the length of one wall, and the innumerable professional photographs ranged on the mantelshelf and plush wall-brackets—most of them mementoes of previous occupants of the rooms—in most cases with a bold signature sprawling across one corner.

At last the landlady withdrew. Ailwyn turned to Burgoyne.

O. H. M. S.

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Daily Express

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"Now let us have this out at once," he said. "What is the favour you want of me?"

"Well, candidly, I'm in Queer Street, Trent," said Burgoyne, gazing pensively at the framed funeral-card, with weeping angels in relief, of the landlady's last husband. "My luck's dead out. The last tour was a frost—dried up at Boldham three weeks ago; and nothing going now till after the pantos."

He paused. But his visitor remained silent.

"Look here, Trent, you're an oof-bird," he began at a plunge.

"Nothing of the sort."

"Well, your father is, anyway; it's the same thing—there's plenty of money in the family," said Burgoyne. "Now, I've got the sweetest scheme on hand, only it wants financing. It was about funds that I went down to Thornsett; there's a publican I know there who had once discussed going in for a theatrical spec with me. Well, after pawning most of my props to pay the fare, I found he had the bailiffs in—just like my luck. No chance in that quarter—why, he even tried to borrow a bit off me! Then I ran up against you." He turned and looked at Ailwyn. "I want you to put up the money."

Which was precisely what Ailwyn had expected.

"I thought you disclaimed any intention of blackmail," he said.

"I don't call it blackmail if I ask you as an old pal to lend me"—he paused and looked hard at Ailwyn, as though making rapid mental calculation how high a figure it would be wise to specify—"a thousand pounds," he said, with an airiness that was not quite natural.

"Oh, so you want a thousand pounds," said Ailwyn drily—"and you use the word 'lend'!"

"Because it's a sure dead thing. You're bound to see your money back out of it," cried the actor, with suppressed eagerness. "Do this, and I'll never trouble you again."

"Well, once and for all, I can't do it," said Ailwyn slowly. "And I wonder you've got the impudence to ask it."

The other shrugged his shoulders, but for a moment did not answer. He took a photograph from the mantelshelf, studied it with apparent interest, and put it back again.

"Don't be in a hurry; think it over," he said coolly. Ailwyn made no response. Burgoyne picked up another photograph. "By the way," he remarked, as if carelessly, "I always thought this the best likeness she ever had taken, poor soul!"—handing the photograph to his visitor.

In spite of himself, Ailwyn started and his face went a shade paler as his eyes fell on it. It was a photograph of his dead wife.

He glanced quickly from it to Burgoyne. The other's face was quite impassive, but Ailwyn was alive to the significance underlying the as-if-natural action—understood the threat that was implied.

"I tell you I can't, Burgoyne," he repeated. "If your demand were more modest, I might perhaps. A thousand is out of my power. My father is not a particularly rich man, and I am more or less dependent on him. And you haven't told me any details yet."

"There's a London success I can get hold of cheap. I want to take it through the country, playing lead, of course—a big part, and one I should make a hit in. I've never had a chance yet of showing 'em what I can do. When I see men in London I could name, actor-managers, who can't mum for nuts, with plays written round their special rotten mannerisms, it makes me sick!" cried Burgoyne. "But that's not all. Only the beginning, in fact."

"Well!"

"There's a girl I know—I got to know her at a country house some time ago, where they were doing amateur theatricals, and they utilised my professional services as stage-manager. This girl—she was one of the guests, playing in the show; she's mad to go on the stage—admitted as much to me; asked my advice. Well, when I'm forming my company I shall give her the chance, offer her a part."

"From purely disinterested motives, of course, Burgoyne?" said Ailwyn, with a veiled sneer that passed over the actor.

Burgoyne laughed complacently.

"She's a nice little thing, and, between you and me, I believe—well, I believe I rather made an impression there," he murmured. "She's got money coming to her. Her father's a rich old chap, with a swell house in London. He's married again; young wife, of course, and she and Celia—did I tell you her name was Celia? Charming name; suggests the bard and the forest of Arden and all that—don't hit it off together, and that makes the girl keener than ever to go on the boards."

"What is her full name?" Ailwyn asked, as the recollection struck him that one of Olive's great school-friends was called Celia.

"Oh, never mind that now!" said Burgoyne hastily. "But she's a charming girl, Trent. My little Celia!" He kissed the tips of his fingers to the pathetic oleograph of "The Finding of Moses" in its shiny, yellow-wood frame. "I strongly advised her to go in for art—she spells art with a capital 'A,' you know——"

"I know; and you filled her head with a lot of nonsense, poor, silly, little stage-struck schoolgirl!" said Ailwyn curtly. "Made her believe she was a second Rachel, and all the rest of it. You needn't explain the obvious."

"Well, it amounts to this. Ever since her father's second marriage she's been bent on leaving home, wants to go on the stage. Well, why shouldn't she? She's going to make her *début* in my company."

"And what do her people say to this craze of hers?"

"Dead against it, of course. But the girl's old enough to take the law into her own hands. She's nineteen. They won't be asked, dear boy—any more than they'll be asked to consent to the wedding!" And Burgoyne laughed. "There, the murder's out. I mean to marry her, Trent. Later I shall go into management in the West-end——"

"When she comes into her money?"

"Precisely. Though, mind you, I'm really fond of the little girl. Awfully fresh and charming, and all that. Mind you, there hasn't been a word or hint of anything between us. As a matter of fact, I believe that just now her head's so full of the stage the human interest doesn't

"The Worship of Wealth." A striking article in the June RAPID by David Christie Murray.

count with her. But—well, I look into the future. And when I like I have a way with women, Trent; I say it modestly—but I have a way with the sex."

And Herbert Burgoyne smiled complacently at his blue-chinned reflection in the dingy mirror over the fireplace.

"And there's a young fellow who's madly in love with her, I know for a fact. I fancy I shall spoil his chances."

There was a little frown in Ailwyn's face.

His own record was none too clean—there were black stains in his life, evil acts prompted by selfishness and cowardice; but the cold-blooded scheme that this man had just divulged without a tinge of shame, this plan to play on the vanity and inexperience of a stage-struck girl to entrap her into marriage—a marriage of calculated mercenary motives—was revolting to him.

"Candidly," he said very deliberately, "I think it's a pretty blackguardly scheme, if you want my opinion."

Burgoyne turned on him angrily.

"Well, I don't want it, Mr. Ailwyn Trent, *alias* George Ailwyn! I don't think you have much cause to take a high moral tone. What of yourself? Your second marriage convicts you of one of two things: either you contemplated bigamy or murder—which, you know best yourself!"

The frown in Ailwyn's face deepened, but he made no reply.

"Besides, didn't I tell you that I am fond of the girl—and I know I can make her fond of me? I shall make her a good husband—with nothing in my past to hide!"—with a meaning emphasis. "And she will share my career, its triumphs!"

"All right; it's no business of mine," said Ailwyn at last.

"Well, I rather think it is—as far as the financing goes," said Burgoyne in rather a hectoring tone. "Come, you may as well begin to look at things reasonably—you know you'll have to. I don't want to have any unpleasantness."

The words were a veiled threat. Ailwyn knew it perfectly well. Knew that he would have to pay this man what was virtually blackmail, unless he was prepared to face exposure.

If he disappointed Burgoyne, the latter would retaliate. And the means of retaliation were so easy—would be so fatal to him.

"I might manage five hundred," he said at last, "but that's the utmost. You have an exaggerated idea of my means or powers. Five hundred."

Burgoyne looked hard at him.

"All right; I must make five hundred do," he said, after a pause. Perhaps he had hardly expected as much. "Call it five hundred, and I won't trouble you again."

Ailwyn was determined on that point. The money should be paid by cheque—which would furnish proof, if necessary of money received, of blackmail, in the event of any contemplated future treachery on Mr. Burgoyne's part.

"You said you had made a discovery about the murder affair in Bessborough Mansions?" he said presently.

Ailwyn was thinking of his own curious adventure that to-night had brought him in the foggy street—of the letter that had come into his hands so strangely in his late wife's handwriting. The dead woman had been more degraded even than he had thought—and she and Burgoyne had been friends: blackmailers, both!

If he could but have found out whom the *porte-monnaie* belonged to—it was like the irony of fate that it had been snatched just then out of his hand by some street prowler, when a moment later might have yielded him the information from the card he knew the pocket contained.

If the guilty person could be found and brought to justice, the police would have no further interest in the whereabouts of "George Ailwyn"—that fear would be removed.

"If only the past could be sponged clean away, if only I could go to Olive with that danger gone and forgotten——"

But as the intense longing surged through his mind Ailwyn's thoughts were brought up against a dead wall—the fact of Ernest Roden's death. That would still lie between them.

Since the moment when he had refused to speak to clear the man accused of Roden's death, her manner towards him had utterly changed. Olive had not shown any love for him before, but she had shunned him since. Instinctively he felt that she had not believed the excuse by which he had tried to justify his silence, that she knew he was a coward.

No; nothing would bring Olive to him now. A bitter jealous hatred of Dennis Garth smouldered in him.

"Yes," said Burgoyne. He was feeling on the best of terms with himself. His projected company was an assured fact. "It's pretty mysterious, too. I haven't informed the police yet—I knew that, unless I took care, they would collar most of the kudos for themselves. I want my advertisement out of it—and I flatter myself it will bring my name pretty prominently before the public, too!" he added complacently.

The words jarred on the listener. They were a self-revelation of the innately coarse fibre of the man. Self-advantage, self-advertisement; the man thought of nothing else, looked for nothing else—even in the tragic death of a woman he had called his friend.

"I made a curious discovery on the night of the crime, which I've kept up my sleeve. I go to Scotland Yard to-morrow with my information, but I've arranged that by the time I do the EVENING SPECIAL will have a full and exclusive account. It's a scoop for them, and they're paying handsomely for it. I'm about as smart as they make 'em, old Trent——"

"Confound you, don't call me old Trent!" broke out Ailwyn in a sudden, uncontrollable exasperation of nerves.

He regretted the outburst the moment it left his lips. It was not to his interest to make an enemy of the man, whose self-complacency and coarseness and impudent familiarity—everything about whom, in fact—jarred on him.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said quickly, as the actor stared at him, taken aback by surprise. "I'm a bit off colour to-day."

"Evidently," said Burgoyne resentfully. "If you don't want to hear the story, you'd better say so."

"Of course I do," said Ailwyn hastily.

"Well, on the night of her death I was going to Bessborough Mansions to see Clara—your wife. She'd heard of a vacancy in a company that might suit me. It was a bit before nine o'clock. I was going past the building, when I heard something like a cry. It came from one of the upper flats. I glanced up naturally, and I saw a hand thrust aside a blind from a window above, and through the open window something came whizzing down almost at my feet.

"It was the window of your wife's flat, Trent—and in the gaslight the thing that had struck the pavement almost in front of me gleamed. I saw where it had rolled, and I picked it up. It was a gold ring."

"And could you see who had thrown it out?"

Ailwyn's interest was gripped.

"No; I just saw a white hand, as the blind was thrust aside. Not your wife's, I'll swear. A lot of rings gleamed on the fingers. Rum, wasn't it? And it wasn't an ordinary ring, either—there was an inscription inside. I'll show you it presently.

"I can tell you I thought it rum. I walked on to the entrance to the building, only a yard or two away, and there I met the charwoman who worked for your wife, Mrs. Purdy, just going in. We walked up the stairs together; I didn't say anything to her about the ring. She had a key, and let herself into the flat. I followed her into the hall."

Burgoyne paused. The events of the night he spoke of had shaken him, and the horror of it was in his face now.

"The first thing we saw was your wife lying dead in the sitting-room; the gas was still flaring and the door was open. A contorted heap in the middle of the floor, Trent, with upturned face and eyes still staring. Dead. Good Heavens, it shook me!" he said.

"Mrs. Purdy rushed out screaming. The chap who lives below happened to be coming in from the street. He raced up. Together we searched the flat from end to end. No one The flat was empty."

"But the hand that flung out the ring——"

"That's just it. Someone *must* have been in the flat a minute before. But no one came down the steps after that ring was thrown out, or I should have met him or her coming down. Must have done. But no one was hiding in the flat. It was empty. And it's at the top of the building. Then where was the murderer hiding?"

"You are sure it was from my wife's window the ring was thrown?" asked Ailwyn.

"Absolutely—though I felt half inclined to doubt it when I found the person so mysteriously vanished. No, I wasn't mistaken. I'll show you the ring."

Burgoyne walked over to the travelling basket. Ailwyn's mind was plunged in deeper wonder and perplexity than ever. That hand that Burgoyne had seen loaded with rings thrust through the window of his wife's flat a minute or two before the discovery of the tragedy—had it been that same hand that dropped a *porte-monnaie* in the street but a short time ago, with a letter in the dead woman's writing making an appointment for that fatal hour?

Burgoyne dived into the basket, and produced an ancient cigar-box. From among half-used sticks of grease-paint and some scraps of crêpe hair he took a ring, which he handed to Ailwyn.

It was a heavy, plain gold ring—a wedding ring. It had the appearance of having been at some time brought into contact with great heat. It was slightly melted out of shape on one side, and the action of fire had rendered undecipherable part of the inscription inside to which Burgoyne had referred.

Of the words engraved in fine copper-plate on the inner rim, all that could be read were:

"—and Armand Duchesne."

Armand Duchesne. Ailwyn stared at the lettering. How was it that the name seemed dimly familiar? Armand Duchesne. It was an unusual name—and he had come across it before. He felt convinced of that. Where?

"Well, what do you make of it?" asked Burgoyne.

Ailwyn did not answer.

Armand Duchesne—in a flash he remembered.

He jumped to his feet, and from one of the pockets of the light dust-coat he had discarded took the copy of the evening paper.

He turned to the account of the *Saracen* disaster, glanced down it hurriedly.

"Among the passengers was Mr. Armand Duchesne, on his way to England, who is said to have sprung in a few years from a poor man to one of the wealthiest wheat-producers in Canada. His fate is at present uncertain."

Could it be a mere coincidence of names—or was this passenger by the ill-fated liner, whether living or dead, connected by some strange thread with the tragedy in a London flat?

Of one thing Ailwyn was sure, as he twisted that warped bit of gold between his fingers: there was some mystery strange enough to startle London bounded up with his wife's death, if ever the veil that shrouded it could be plucked aside.

(Another long instalment next week.)

BERTIE: "I have no doubt you are sorry about your uncle's death, notwithstanding it brought you into a lot of money."

Arthur: "Yes; he was doing a good business, you know, and if he had lived a year or two longer he might have left me a good deal more."

(Devise a last line for this Limerick and win a prize. See first page.)

* * * * * * *

There was once a Liverpool lad
Whose luck was remarkably bad.
He invested in cotton
Which proved to be rotten

STOUTNESS AND FAILING HEALTH.

CURATIVE POWER AND HEALTH VALUE OF ANTIPON.

OBESITY and ill-health generally go hand-in-hand, for the simple reason that the accumulations of fatty matter that form around the vital organs seriously impede the latter in their natural action, and the whole organism is in consequence bound to suffer. The heart, particularly, is often affected, owing to what is called fatty degeneration. The liver and kidneys are not in a condition to adequately perform their important work, and the lungs cannot expand to the full, so that the oxygenation of the blood, already vitiated owing to the sluggish action of the liver and kidneys, is defective. The skin, too, cannot properly perform its duty in removing impurities from the blood through the pores of the skin. There is exhaustion after a little physical effort, sudden heats and chills, faintness and dizziness, at times profuse sweating, lassitude and debility. Palpitation of the heart and shortness of breath cause considerable distress. The complexion is sallow and the skin flaccid and blotchy.

* * * * * * *

The simple, pleasant and entirely harmless Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity soon dispels these disagreeable and dangerous symptoms during the rapid absorption and elimination of the superabundant adipose, both internal and subcutaneous. Whatever the degree of over-stoutness, and whether abdominal or general, Antipon effects a complete and lasting reduction to normal weight and correct proportions. In cases of excessive corpulence the abdominal fat is sometimes of a thickness of several inches, and the thick flabby limbs and enormous hips are encased in fat, and the muscular fibre impregnated with fat, to an alarming degree. Antipon penetrates to every part of the system and dissipates and absorbs the fatty matter wherever it exists in excess. At the same time Antipon guards against redevelopment of abnormal adipose by destroying what is the very root-evil in the disease of obesity, viz., the constitutional or acquired tendency to make fat, seemingly, out of every bit of food taken. That tendency, then, having been destroyed by Antipon and the superfluous fatty matter eliminated, the cure must, perforce, be complete, and the doses may be abandoned as soon as the weight and figure are reduced to natural standard proportions.

* * * * * * *

The person undergoing the Antipon treatment is not subjected to troublesome dietetic rules. So long as he takes a rational share of good blood-enriching, flesh-forming food, that is all he need trouble about; and Antipon, which is also a grand tonic, will give him all the appetite he requires, and will perfect the digestive process into the bargain. How different is all this from the weakening, food-restricting drugging methods of fat reduction practised by our forbears!

* * * * * * *

A day and a night from the first dose of Antipon suffice to prove its capabilities. From 8oz. to 3lb. (according to the individual case) will be removed, and there is a delightful sensation of buoyancy and physical well-being, which proves that the tonic properties of Antipon have thus early come into play. The daily reduction that follows is reliable and satisfactory, and, in the end, the completely cured and gratified subject looks and feels years younger in appearance, health, and spirits. The whole treatment is as pleasant as it is undeniably sure and safe. Antipon contains in liquid form certain entirely harmless vegetable substances, and is free from anything of mineral origin. It is refreshing to the palate and may be taken at any time without fear of uncomfortable after-effects. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2/6 and 4/6, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in case of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, and privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.

GRATEFUL LADY'S STARTLING TESTIMONY.

"The Antipon Company,—I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with the results of taking your Antipon. For twenty-five years I have been very stout, and gradually getting worse, until last February, in a sort of desperation, I began taking your medicine on the advice of a friend. Before the first dose I weighed just 14st. (I am 5ft. 1in. in height); now I weigh 10st. 1½lb. I have had the clothing I wore in February weighed; it was 2½lb. heavier than what I wear now. Allowing for this difference,

I AM 52lb. LIGHTER

than I was before taking Antipon. But, better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless, tired woman I have been of late years. I have spoken of it to many friends, and two ladies I know have commenced the treatment; possibly, several others who do not care to admit the fact. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and

I HAVE NOT GAINED AN OUNCE

in weight, so I think I may regard my cure as permanent. I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. by Chemists, Stores, &c., or, in the event of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending remittance), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.

THE RAPID, price 4d., is the Human Interest Magazine.

Stories of Our Greatest Actress.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ELLEN TERRY.

If anything were needed to prove the fame of Miss Ellen Terry, it is found in the fact that at least two houses in Coventry claim to be her birthplace. As a rule, a celebrity has to die and be buried for several years before people start squabbling about his birthplace. But this is not so in Miss Terry's case.

A tradesman at No. 5, Market Street, Coventry, displays a plate boldly announcing that "Miss Ellen Terry was born here"; while at No. 26, over the way, another trader has put out a notice: "This house is the *original* birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry, and no other."

The fact that No. 26 is called "Terry House" seems to have settled the difficulty for all time—at least, in the mind of the proprietor; for he adds, with a vague conclusiveness: "Observe the name—Terry House." The supporters of the claim of the latter house were, however, somewhat disheartened when Miss Terry admitted that she favoured the view that she first saw the light at No. 5.

But, whatever the house, certainly Miss Terry was born at Coventry—and she is glad of it. Talking of her devotion to Shakespeare she said once: "I belong to Shakespeare. I was born at Coventry, right in the heart of his country, and I hope that the last part I play will be a Shakespeare character."

TEARS THAT WERE NOT REHEARSED.

Over Shakespeare—or, rather, over the rendering of Shakespeare's characters—she has shed many tears, some of them in make-believe, but others in bitter earnest. Her first stage tears were of the unrehearsed variety, when she tumbled over her go-cart in *The Winter's Tale.* A most unfeeling titter ran round the theatre, and she wept bitter and prolonged tears over her "first dramatic failure."

However, she was given another chance as Prince Arthur, and in this she found herself utterly unable to cry when she was called on to do so. She was unable to realise, when she was going to have her eyes put out, the full horror of the little Prince's melancholy plight. She remembers Mrs. Kean saying rather scornfully: "Do you think you would go on like that if your eyes were really going to be put out. Why, you would make more fuse if someone had taken your doll." But even this exhortation failed to move young Ellen, and she continued her somewhat stolid expression of grief.

At last Mrs. Kean lost all patience with the child and gave her a good scolding. The natural result was that "Prince Arthur" burst into a passion of sobs. "That's it," cried Mrs. Kean joyfully; "now say the words and remember how you say them." Poor little Ellen stumbled sobbing through her lines, and the result was so pathetic that Mrs. Kean was delighted. "Another time you must just imitate the way you are crying now, and you will have no more trouble."

"I was just intelligent enough," Miss Terry adds, in relating the story, "to catch her meaning, and I have ever since profited by the advice."

At a later date Miss Terry shed tears of despair at the Lyceum. After the first performance of *Hamlet* she left the theatre sobbing: "I've failed; I've failed." A friend put her into a cab, and they drove many times along the Embankment before they dared go home, so great was Miss Terry's grief. It was not until the following morning, when the newspapers gave a favourable account of her appearance—which, incidentally, was her first with Sir Henry Irving—that her fears were dispelled.

Miss Terry has declared her pet passion to be for perfumes and rich fabrics. Another peculiarity is a desire to own everything new and bizarre that she sees. While travelling in Berkshire once she took a fancy to a smock-frock she saw a yokel wearing. The man would not part with his garment, in spite of all her blandishments, but he obligingly accompanied her to the shop at which he had purchased it, where she was able to buy its fellow and rejoice.

A LIKING FOR PIGS.

Another fad of Miss Terry's, and one in which her friends are ever ready to help her, is her partiality for pigs. Not the kind that run about and grunt and occasionally make themselves exceedingly unpleasant, but any sort, or shape, or size of imitation pig will always find a warm corner in Miss Terry's heart.

She has blue pigs and red pigs, green pigs and yellow pigs, brown pigs and white pigs, pigs of all colours and possible dispositions; pigs with their queer little bodies tied round with ribbons, and pigs without any external adornment. Like everything else, however, which belongs to Miss Terry, they never remain long, for people are sure to beg for one "dear little pig" as a memento of a visit.

Quaint old country cottages also exercise over her an irresistible fascination. Some few years ago she took a great fancy to a little roadside inn at Uxbridge. It was only a tiny two-storeyed dwelling containing four rooms, but the actress would not rest until she had induced the owner to let it to her. This he was very unwilling to do, as it would make him lose the publican's license by discontinuing the sale of liquor on the premises.

Miss Terry, however, was not to be baulked, and she undertook to allow the sale of drink to go on as long as she might have the rest of the house. On these conditions the inn was handed over to her. It is said that whilst in her rural seclusion Miss Terry frequently acted the part of barmaid, drawing half-pints of beer for the delighted and open-mouthed rustics of the neighbourhood.

Miss Terry says she is fond of violets, but of late she may have begun to doubt whether they bring her luck. For example, just as she was stepping aboard the steamer at Southampton for a recent visit to America, there was handed to her a bunch of violets—a bunch as big as a cauliflower. Then a series of troubles set in. In the first place, the voyage was rough; secondly, the steamer got into a thick fog off Staten Island. Then, as a culminating disaster, *seventeen* newspaper reporters met her at the dock. "How do you like America?" they wanted to know.

ELLEN TERRY'S TWO-LINE PART.

One hardly expects to find Miss Terry playing two-line parts nowadays, but it did occur lately, and this is how it happened. Miss Craig, Miss Terry's daughter, was staying in a quiet seaside town, and the inmates of the house in which she was living were getting up some private theatricals. As is usual in private theatricals, envy and malice were stirred up and a good deal of uncharitableness. There was one small part—that of a housemaid, with only two lines to deliver—which every lady in the house refused to play.

"Dear me," said Miss Craig, "my mother is coming down this week. I daresay *she* will play it."

She did. More, she was enthusiastic and joined in the final rehearsal. The ovation she received when, on the night of the performance, she tripped on to the impromptu stage in a dainty pink print frock made the house shake.

Everybody will be delighted to hear that Miss Ellen Terry has just completed her autobiography, and that its publication commences in *M.A.P.*, out to-day.

"The Story of My Life," as her reminiscences are entitled, is a story of absorbing interest. It will rank as one of the most important biographical works of recent years. It is at once the story of the astonishing career of the greatest of actresses, the story of the stage for the last fifty years, and the story of a woman whose friends are as the stars in number, who has held enthralled the hearts of all who have known or seen her by her beauty and by her charm.

THE TELLING OF HER STORY.

"The actress is great, but the woman is greater than the actress," a famous critic once wrote, "and, in the final analysis of Miss Terry's acting, it will be found that her enchantment is that of a unique personality."

And this personality breathes through every line of the autobiography. "To read it is to hear her speak and see her smile," said a friend who has been privileged to see the manuscript. Just as she charms when she appears in public or in private, so does she charm through her pen. As a brilliant writer, an incomparable story-teller, Ellen Terry is now to shine in a new part.

"For years," she confesses, "I have contemplated telling this story, and for years I have put off telling it. When it was suggested to me that I ought to write down my recollections in the year of my Jubilee, all the difficulties of the undertaking began to frighten me. I could not deny that I had had an eventful life, packed full of incident, and that by the road I had met many distinguished and interesting men and women. I could not deny that I had been fifty years on the stage, and that this meant enough material for fifty books."

Our readers are well advised on no account to miss the opening chapters of Ellen Terry's "Story of My Life," in *M.A.P.*, out to-day.

"Is Speedman a good chauffeur?"

"Good! I should say so! He ran over a man yesterday that every motorist in the city had had a try at and missed."

There once was a Liverpool lad
Whose luck was remarkably bad
He invested in cotton
Which proved to be rotten
. . . .
Why not "insert" [illegible] for the last line as first page.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

The Jockey Club and its Stringent Rules.

In its way, there is no more extraordinary body in existence than the Jockey Club. Although entirely self-constituted, and although its rules have no Acts of Parliament to support them, the Jockey Club governs the turf with a rod of iron. On at least one occasion an action originally brought in a court of law has been, by mutual consent of the litigants, referred to the arbitration of the Jockey Club and by them decided.

This was the famous case between Sir George Chetwynd and Lord Durham, which arose from a speech made by the latter at the Gimcrack Club in 1889. Mr. James Lowther, Lord March, and Prince Soltykoff were appointed to act as arbitrators, and their task was a most tedious and unpleasant one.

In all that appertains to flat racing the word of the Jockey Club is law. The stewards, who are three in number, have power "at their discretion to grant and to withdraw licenses to officials, jockeys, and race-courses, to fix the dates on which all meetings shall be held, to make inquiry into and deal with any matters relating to racing, and to warn any person off Newmarket Heath, and to authorise the publication in the 'Racing Calendar' of their decision respecting any of the above matters."

This "warning off" is to a racing man a punishment equal to almost any that can be imposed by a court of law. Once convicted of malpractices and warned off, a man's career in the racing world (and incidentally in the social also) is at an end.

WARNED OFF THE TURF.

It is no use for him to go abroad for, by a mutual arrangement, individuals warned off the British turf are barred in other countries and *vice versâ.* So, if a German be convicted and warned off by the Union Club of Berlin, a notice will appear soon afterwards in the English "Racing Calendar," announcing that the stewards of the Jockey Club have extended the sentence to all meetings within the rules of racing.

The Jockey Club need not prove any offence. They can at their option warn anyone off merely because they consider him "an undesirable person."

The Jockey Club is no respecter of persons. George IV., when Prince of Wales, entered his horse Escape to run on October 20th and 21st at the Newmarket meeting in 1791. On the first day Escape ran fourth, being badly beaten by all the first three, but on the second the horse won easily. Whereupon the Jockey Club took the matter up, and one of the stewards, Sir Charles Bunbury, boldly told the Prince that if he continued to let the jockey Chifney ride his horses no gentleman would race against him.

George's horses were not seen again on a racecourse until the year 1805.

Numerically, the Jockey Club is a small body, its numbers varying from sixty to sixty-five. The King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught are all members. More than half the members bear distinguished titles. There are also about twenty honorary members. These include the King of the Belgians and Count Batthyany.

BLACK-BALLED MANY A MILLIONAIRE.

With the possible exception of the Royal Yacht Squadron, there is no more exclusive body in the world than the Jockey Club. Two black balls are sufficient to exclude, and many a millionaire or monarch of racing has failed to enter the coveted portals of the long, low building in Newmarket High Street.

When the King is at Newmarket he often stays in the Club, and in return entertains the members at his famous Derby dinner. It was George IV. who started the Derby dinner, but the practice was discontinued afterwards and only revived about twenty-five years ago by the King, then Prince of Wales, who used to hold the dinner at Marlborough House.

The Club has an enormous income, drawn principally from fees. Fees are heavy in the racing world. For instance, to register or change an assumed name costs £30. There are fees for registering racing colours, for registering a partnership in a horse, for taking out a license to ride, and the like.

Huge sums accrue from entry money, from forfeits on horses that are scratched, and also from fines inflicted upon those who infringe, however slightly, the rules of racing. For instance, only the other day the stewards of a local meeting quite innocently forgot to apply for a license. They were promptly fined £25, and thought themselves lucky to get off so cheaply.

The Jockey Club originated in the reign of George II., but the actual date is uncertain. All that is known is that in 1752 a room on the site of the present building was leased for fifty years by the Duke of Ancaster and Lord Hastings. The first actual mention of the Club is in "Heber's Racing Calendar" of 1758.

BELL: "Oh! there you are, Stuart. I'd like you to show my friend that new device of yours for preventing one's watch from being stolen. Now, I maintain that with a little care——"

Stuart: "Can't show it, old man. A pickpocket stole it out of my pocket yesterday."

Powerful Serial Story.

The Fatal Ace.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Dick Rushden, heir to the title and estates of Westingham, and engaged to be married to Mollie Brabant. Just as he comes into his title he goes on a balloon voyage with Mollie and his cousin Guy Squirl, but he never returns from his voyage.

Guy Squirl also loves Mollie, and determines to win her by fair means or foul. During the balloon trip they are blown out to the Atlantic, and the balloon is gradually sinking. Mollie faints. By a cunning artifice Guy gets Dick on to the side of the balloon, then sends him hurtling to his death. By threats, he extracts a promise from Mollie to marry him. This promise she fulfils, although hating her husband, and he has now come into the title of Earl of Westingham.

Mollie Brabant still loves Dick Rushden. Guy had told her that Dick jumped out of the balloon to save her life. Mollie wonders if he is really dead.

Sinclair Vansittart is a mysterious person, apparently possessed of money. Whilst yachting in the Atlantic he picks up Rushden after the ballooning episode. A certain business transaction takes place, however, and Dick finds himself, much against his will, bound for Valparaiso on board a dirty tramp steamer.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.
What's Happened to Mollie?

THE great red car swept noiselessly and swiftly down the smooth park drive, but once outside the gates the chauffeur slackened speed and turned sharp to the left.

Then the car bounded along again at top speed. Guy was too busy with his thoughts, and too anxious to have himself under perfect control before the town was reached, to notice in what direction he was being taken.

But suddenly he found himself jerked almost out of his seat, heard the grinding and groaning of brakes too quickly applied, the hoarse hooting of the horn; and, staring out of the window, he saw they were no longer on the main road. Intuitively he knew that the chauffeur had taken a short cut, the one to which he had directed Vansittart's footsteps across the gravel path through the park not twelve hours ago—a narrow, hedge-bound lane that eventually led into the main road after crossing the stream that flowed out from the lake.

"Don't go this way—go back!" Guy cried. "The stream's too deep to cross——"

As the words left his lips the motor pulled up, in a little more than her own length.

"Go back!" he cried again. "It's absurd to bring the car along a rough, narrow lane like this!"

The chauffeur jumped off his seat and came round to the door of the car.

"I'm sorry, my lord; but I generally come this way when anyone is in a hurry—but . . ." He broke off, and his face grew pale.

"But what?" Guy stammered nervously. "Speak out. Has anything happened? What's the matter?"

With shaking hands the chauffeur opened the door. "Yes, my lord—something has happened—an accident I think—her ladyship . . ."

In an instant Guy was in the road standing beside the man. He knew he would see something terrible before he looked . . . the chauffeur had told him!

"What's the matter—what's happened?" he said as calmly as he could, advancing towards the stream, that sang so merrily as it flowed from park to meadowland.

As he spoke he forced himself to look. At the same instant the chauffeur laid a detaining hand on his arm.

It was too late!

He looked—he saw lying half in the stream, whose waters licked the still, white hands and deathly face, the body of a man. And close beside it another figure, strangely huddled and shapeless, half lying, half kneeling—the figure of a woman.

His wife!

All self-control and reason left Guy. He staggered forward with an agonised cry of horror, lifted Mollie in his arms, and dragged her away from the waters and the terrible figure of death stretched motionless there. Her body was warm, though here and there her dress was wet where the waters had touched it; her hands were cold—and blood stained the white, cold fingers here and there!

He tried to speak, but his voice rattled helplessly in his throat. He could only stare at his wife with large, terrified eyes, wherefrom reason had almost departed, whilst he whispered her name under his breath and held her tightly in his arms.

Then, lifting her off the ground, Guy staggered to the car and laid her on the seat. Again he tried to speak aloud, but no sound issued from his lips, so he motioned the chauffeur to his place. Just for a moment the man hesitated, and with scared eyes looked at the body lying on the road.

"Is he dead, my lord?" he whispered.

Guy nodded . . . then hesitated and slowly walked back to the edge of the stream, and knelt beside the body and looked at the dead man's face.

Sinclair Vansittart!

He knew it before he looked, yet a cry of horror escaped him. He forced himself to open the water-sodden jacket and lay his hand on the dead man's breast.

Quite cold—and still; when he withdrew his hand red was upon it. Bending lower, he pulled the body away from the hurrying waters, and the chauffeur turned to help him, but he quickly motioned him away.

"Attend to her ladyship," he whispered hoarsely.

Directly his servant's back was turned he felt in the dead man's pockets. In one a sealed letter, soaked with blood and water; Guy slipped it into his own. In another pocket a revolver—he hesitated a second, and left that.

Then he rose, washed his hands in the stream, and, after wiping them in the grass, reeled towards the car.

Again the chauffeur repeated the question: "Is he dead, my lord?"

Guy nodded, struggled into the car, and sat beside the still unconscious figure of his wife. As he did so she stirred, and slowly opened her eyes.

They met his, but, with a stifled groan, he put up his hands and hid his face.

Murder!

A voice was already whispering the word; the waters of the river shouted the condemning cry; the wind in the trees echoed it jeeringly; the engines of the car as she backed away from the blood-stained figure on the bank took up the chorus.

Sinclair Vansittart murdered! But how—and by whom? Who could answer?

Guy, Earl of Westingham, knew—though he hid his face and stopped his ears and repeated over and over again with numb, terrified lips, that it was an accident—that the man had lost his way in the darkness of the previous night and fallen into the stream!

An accident—but was his wife's presence there an accident, too?

CHAPTER TWENTY.
Below Stairs.

GUY lifted Mollie out of the car and carried her upstairs.

Though he trembled in every limb, though the perspiration poured from his face, it was terror that gave him strength to carry his burden unaided up the long flight of stairs.

He was so terrified that he hardly knew what he was doing; he had only one idea—to escape with his burden, to hide it and himself from the sight of all men, especially his own household.

But it seemed as if the news of the tragedy had pre-

Pearson's Weekly
Currant Cookery Competition

A Novel and Interesting Competition for Home-loving Women. No Entrance Fee or Expense.

OUR Readers have given a very prompt and cheery response to the previous announcement of this novel contest. The fact that the Competition is to be a real practical test of genuine home cookery, and that the dishes sent up are to be specimens of ordinary everyday cakes, pastries, buns, and scones, should encourage every capable home cook to endeavour to carry off one of the best prizes.

Two or more members of the same family can enter the competition, and as nothing counts for a prize except genuine skill in cooking, there is as much chance for the enterprising maidservant to win a handsome prize as for the mistress or daughter of the family.

You know there is an old proverb which runs: "*She who never tries, Cannot win a prize.*" Don't be a Never-try. Remember that there is no entrance fee to pay, and that, after the cooked dishes have been judged and the prizes awarded, all the delicious home-baked cakes, buns, and pastries that have been sent in will go to make a feast for poor people who seldom taste dainties.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.—The Rules of the Competition are most simple. In the first place you fill up the Coupon at the bottom of this announcement, or, if you prefer, send your name and address on a post-card to *Pearson's Weekly* CURRANT COOKERY COMPETITION, 13, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON.

You will then receive, free of cost, a most useful little book of Currant Cookery Recipes, together with the fullest details of the Competition.

As is fully explained in these "Rules," the contest is to be a test of real, practical cookery. As soon as possible after entering for the Contest, you will have to set to work practising the making of dainty dishes containing a generous proportion of dried currants, and your final attempt will be sent up for judgment at an appointed time. Puddings, pastries, cakes, buns, scones—all are eligible, and the Competitor may produce her currant dainties from one or more of the recipes in the little Cookery Recipe Book referred to above, or may resort to a famous home recipe or think out some new dish for this special occasion, just as she pleases.

One rule, however, is absolute. Only dishes which contain a good quantity of Currants are eligible for this competition. The prizes are as follows:—

First Prize - £7 10 0

Second Prize - £2 10 0

Third Prize - £1 10 0

Fifty Special Prizes of C. Herman Senn's famous Cookery Manual, 2/6 edition (Illustrated).

Thousands of Beautifully Engraved Certificates for all Competitors whose efforts are commended.

MR. C. HERMAN SENN, G.C.A., the well-known cookery expert of the National School of Cookery, and Hon. Director of the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition, will judge the cooked dishes and award the prizes, and his decision will be final.

To Help the Poor and Needy. On completion of the judging all the articles sent in for competition will be distributed free among institutions providing for the poor. As success depends to a great extent upon preliminary practice, I strongly advise you to start right away with your experimental cooking, so that when the right day comes you may find yourself ready for the friendly contest. The Competition will close on June 24th, 1907, and the awards will be made during June.

This is the form to be filled up and sent in to Currant Cookery Competition (*Pearson's Weekly*), 13, New Bridge Street, London. Please send free of cost to:

Full name—Mrs. or Miss .....

Full Postal Address .....

.....

A Copy of the Currant Recipe Book and full particulars of *Pearson's Weekly* Currant Cookery Competition.

ceded him, for directly he entered the gloomy house it thronged with servants.

The bailiff ran hastily through the hall as he heard the motor-car dash up, and the frightened exclamations of the servants.

The housekeeper, Mollie's maid, and Guy's valet followed him breathlessly along the broad corridors to the bedroom, but he shut the door in their faces and locked it.

"Leave me alone," he groaned; "leave me alone till I ring."

"She's dead," sobbed the maid. "Didn't you see her face? She's committed suicide—she looked like death last night, poor dear."

The housekeeper said nothing, but tried to quiet and calm the others. The valet, being of French extraction, talked volubly and explained everything to nobody's satisfaction. The chauffeur had to repeat his story over and over again.

Blobbs was overcome. He sat in the great arm-chair at the head of the table in the servants' hall and stared across the room shaking his head to and fro.

"To think that it's come to this," he groaned; "love, suicide, murder, and heaven knows what. I tell you it's enough to make all the former Earls of Westingham turn in their graves. And the shame of it; just think of the shame of it! I shall never be able to hold up my head again!"

"I didn't see *him*," the upper housemaid whispered to the stalwart footman; "but you did. What was he like?"

"Well, he looked as if he might have some breeding in him," the man replied. "It was a hard face, too, like steel; not at all the sort to take his own life."

"He could never have taken his own life," said the chauffeur unsteadily; "it was murder, that's what it was."

The other servants looked scared, but no one dared contradict the chauffeur; he alone had seen the body of the dead man. Besides, the thoughts his suggestions put into their hearts were too terrible to be spoken aloud.

Suddenly the bell of the morning-room rang. Blobbs looked at the footman, and rose with a scared face:

"Is that his lordship, do you think?"

"More likely it's Mr. Bygard," the housekeeper replied. "He will be wanting to know what's happened, and I expect he will wish to see you," looking at the chauffeur, who was standing moodily at the door listening to the gossip.

The housekeeper was right. Mr. Bygard, the bailiff, did want to know what had happened; when he heard, though slightly sceptical, he was nearly as shocked as Blobbs.

"You had better take me the way you took his lordship," he said to the chauffeur; "then we must go on to the town and inform the police."

"The police," the butler echoed, throwing up his hands in horror. "Oh, the disgrace of it!"

The bailiff looked keenly at him.

"What do you mean? It's simply a case of suicide. Unfortunately her ladyship, during an early morning walk through the park, finds the body, and is so horrified that very likely she faints. Take my advice and keep your mouth shut and attend to your business, and tell the servants to do the same."

Turning on his heel, he strode through the hall, jumped into the motor-car, and started on his gruesome visit to the Dead Thing lying in the lane.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.
Only a Mocking Laugh.

As soon as Guy had locked the door he lifted his wife on to the bed, and then sank exhausted on the chesterfield.

For some seconds he lay there with half-closed eyes, breathing heavily, his hands nervously opening and closing, shaking from head to foot as if with palsy.

A sound from the bed brought him to his feet, and he looked anxiously in that direction, fearing what might meet his gaze. But Mollie lay just as he had placed her; her lips were parted but her eyes were closed. She lay so still that death might suddenly have come to her; only again that sound, something between a sob and a groan, escaped her lips.

On the table just inside the door a servant of intelligence who had followed to the room had placed a tantalus containing brandy. Guy poured out a glass and emptied it down his throat; then carried some to the bedside, and, raising his wife's head, forced a little between her lips.

She made no sound, but presently her eyes opened and gazed vacantly at him.

He looked away hastily, but the first thing he saw was the bloodstain on the hem of her dress; on her sleeve, too, was a spot—and on her hands!

For a moment he gazed spellbound, fascinated, horrified.

What had she been doing beside the dead man, Sinclair Vansittart? How was it she had found him, at such a place and at such an hour? And, having found him, why had she not, as any other man or woman would have done, recoiled in fear and horror and run away as quickly as possible?

"Murder!" The voices echoed in his ears. "Murder—murderess!"

Again he asked himself if he had not made some ghastly mistake—perhaps life still lingered in Vansittart's body! Perhaps, as Mollie paced up and down in the park, she looked over the hedge expecting to see him coming down the lane—and instead had found his dead body lying in the stream, and the shock had unnerved her—she had swooned and fainted at her terrible discovery!

What other explanation was there for finding her lying unconscious in the roadway by Vansittart's side. Yet, was the shock of seeing the man dead or dying in the roadway sufficient excuse?

Again he forced himself to look at his wife's face, afraid of meeting her eyes, yet feeling, when she did look at him, the awful problem would be solved.

Already the necessity for finding an excuse for her presence beside the dead body was forced upon him.

It was as if there were danger of suspicion falling on her, his wife. He laughed aloud at the thought!

She stirred then at the sound of his voice; their eyes met, and for a second his heart ceased beating. But a strange mixture of relief and disappointment filled him, for her expression was vacant; she looked at him without seeing him.

"Mollie!"—he whispered her name. "Mollie!"—he spoke it aloud.

He must know the worst. Madness lay in uncertainty; he didn't mind others fighting in the dark, but he could not fight himself; he knew the horrors of the darkness!

Until he had received some explanation from Mollie he would not know how to act towards her. If he knew she were suspected by his servants, his friends, the world, he could face and fight them all; but with uncertainty lurking behind his back he knew the danger she would be in of giving herself and him away, of suggesting guilt where none existed. Besides, it was just possible that she might have discovered what had taken place between Vansittart and himself the previous evening!

He forced more brandy down her throat, drank more himself, but his hands still trembled, and his nerves were like wire strained to breaking-point.

"Mollie, tell me what's happened, what you have been doing; speak to me, dear, tell me?" he cried.

He waited anxiously; her lips began to move, and a gleam of intelligence illuminated her eyes. But when her answer came he shrank back in terror.

For it was a foolish, mirthless peal of laughter!

There was a knocking at the door. Guy started, held his breath, and instinctively put his hand over his wife's mouth. There was something condemning in that laughter—self-condemning! Of course, *he* understood, but others who didn't understand might hear, and grow suspicious.

He waited, hoping the servants, or whoever knocked, would go away. Yet it came again, a gentle but persistent rapping. Slowly he withdrew his hand, gazing anxiously at Mollie the while; quietly he crossed the room. He hesitated as he reached the door and held out both his hands trying to steady himself and control his nerves. Then he turned the key, and, opening the door a few inches, looked out.

The lady's maid, with a face nearly as white as his own, greeted him.

"Can I do anything for her ladyship?" she stammered. "If she's ill, perhaps I had better get her to bed."

Guy didn't reply at once. Of course, that was the wisest and safest thing to do—get Mollie to bed—give her some thing to make her sleep. Only he was afraid to trust her alone with anyone—until he knew!

"Presently, presently," he said to the girl. "I'll ring when you're wanted."

He shut the door again and locked it. There was one thing to be done immediately, and that thing only he must do. He was beginning to grow cunning again, to see where danger really threatened. Not only was her life in jeopardy—but his, too!

"Mollie, Mollie!"

Again he stood by her side and shook her, almost roughly now. But her only answer was mirthless, lifeless laughter. He raised her to a sitting position, and with clumsy, trembling hands, commenced to undo her dress.

There was not a moment to lose, for those bloodstains seen by other eyes would look like proof indeed. Frantically he tore aside hooks and buttons, and hastily flung the latest creation in walking dresses across the room. Then, fetching a sponge, he wiped all stains from her hands, took off her shoes, her stockings, her petticoats, and examined them closely.

He heaved a sigh of relief. Only the dress had been touched. Now he placed the pillows carefully under her head, pulled the counterpane over her, and forced her to swallow more brandy.

But the worst and most difficult part of the business was to come. He picked up the skirt and examined it closely; only three spots, one very large—where she had knelt by the stream. Guy shuddered, and the fabric fell from his hands. He picked it up again, carried it to the washstand, and filled the basin with soap and water. But first of all he soaked the stains in spirit.

It took a long time; he wanted to do the work thoroughly, and he had only just finished when he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and voices. He hurried across the room and hung the dress as best he could in the wardrobe, praying it would dry before the maid touched it. Then he emptied the basin and replaced the jug, and, noiselessly turning the key in the door, he sat by his wife's side and held her hand in his.

Now, at the first knock of the door he boldly said, "Come in." It was the housekeeper who entered; she avoided looking at Guy, but gazed sympathetically at the bed where her mistress lay.

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Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked with the words "Twenty Pound Story" in the top left-hand corner.

"Mr. Bygard would be glad if your lordship could see him; he's waiting in the library with Superintendent Scoles."

"I'll come at once," Guy replied steadily. "Has no one thought of sending for the doctor?"

The housekeeper bit her lip. "I'll telephone at once, my lord."

"I would rather you would wait here, if you will be good enough," Guy said rising. "Lady Westingham is suffering from a terrible shock; don't speak, and on no account let her talk; you understand?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

The housekeeper noiselessly sailed across the room and took the seat her master had vacated.

The Earl of Westingham, after spending five minutes in his dressing-room, walked steadily through the ancestral hall into the library, and calmly and a little haughtily greeted his bailiff and the superintendent of the local police.

"Thanks, very much, for acting so promptly, Mr. Bygard," he said to his steward. "I could do nothing myself until I was assured my wife's life was not in danger."

He turned to the police inspector: "I am glad you came at once. What have you to tell me?"

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.
Superintendent Scoles asks Questions.

Superintendent Scoles cleared his throat nervously, stood first on one leg and then on the other, and eventually looked at Mr. Bygard for support.

The bailiff was no less uncomfortable than the police officer. Perhaps of the two he felt his position the more keenly. He had no affection for his master, having seen him perhaps a dozen times in his life, when Guy had resided at West House before his marriage; he neither liked nor disliked him. But he couldn't get away from the fact that he was his chief, that he owed him allegiance. Moreover—and this feeling was stronger than any other—he was an Earl of Westingham.

"I heard that a serious accident had occurred, my lord," he said slowly and deliberately, "and, realising that you wanted to give all your attention to Lady Westingham, I took the liberty of using the car to visit the—er—body, and inform the police."

He turned and gave a nervous little nod in Scoles' direction. Bygard was a man, who, above all things, worshipped truth and brevity; now he found both extremely difficult.

There was a short silence. Guy looked interrogatively from one to the other; he had himself under perfect control now.

Scoles, in a somewhat laboured manner, informed Guy that the body had been taken to the mortuary, and the lane in which it was found left in charge of two policemen.

"He *was* dead then," Guy said as if he were making quite an ordinary statement. "What sort of man was he? How did he meet his death? I was really too horrified and shocked at finding my wife there to notice anything."

Scoles and Bygard exchanged glances, and again the latter cleared his throat nervously.

"Of course, we ain't certain, my lord," Scoles said apologetically, "but, according to your servant's description, he is the gentleman who called to see you last night, Mr. Vansittart, I think his name was."

"Good God!" The ejaculation was magnificently natural. "I—I didn't recognise him. . . ."

The superintendent began to pluck up courage. "Of course, we want all the information you can give us, my lord."

"I will do all in my power to help you," Guy replied. "Poor fellow—this is an awful shock to me, especially when I tell you, Mr. Scoles, the reason of his visit. I had never seen the man before in my life; he simply came to me for the purposes of blackmail."

The superintendent began to grow interested; professional instinct ousted all other feelings.

"I will confess," Guy continued, "he was a most gentlemanly blackmailer; he had some extraordinary story about a diamond necklace which he said originally belonged to the Westinghams. He showed me the thing; I imagined it was either an imitation or had been stolen, so, of course, I would have nothing to do with the fellow. He left some time after midnight, and almost immediately I retired to bed. I may mention, though, that, as the servants had retired for the night, I allowed this man to go out through the dining-room windows, showing him the short cut across the park that leads into the lane where—where his body has been found!"

"That's interesting, that's very interesting," Scoles said.

His eyes were bright and piercing now; he looked at Bygard and nodded appreciatively. He waited as if for Guy to continue; there was silence for some seconds. The bailiff alone seemed really ill at ease, he fidgeted continually and his eyes looked anywhere but at his master; he was dreading lest the superintendent began to question him, yet he knew that questions would be inevitable, delicate pointed questions, too. As a matter of fact, they were hovering on the tip of Scoles' tongue, but he managed to restrain his enthusiasm for a time, hoping that Westingham would account for his wife's disappearance from the house, and her appearance at the scene of the murder without being asked to do so.

"Of course, it looks as if he might have committed suicide, or else have fallen into the stream, and—if he happened to be the worse for liquor——"

Guy nodded. "He certainly had a whisky-and-soda or two with me—his manner *was* a little strange."

"Let me see, has Lady Westingham recovered sufficiently to tell your lordship how she managed to—that is to say, what happened—when she had the misfortune to come across Mr. Vansittart's body?" Scoles asked quickly.

"No, she hasn't recovered sufficiently to tell me anything," Guy replied.

(Another long instalment next week.)

"Keep Your Windows Open!" Read Professor Kenwood in the June RAPID.

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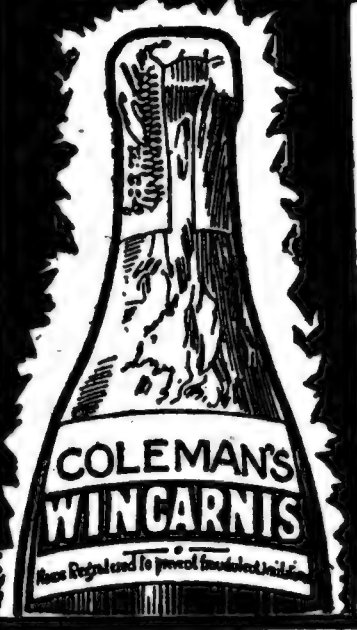

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THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Sour Milk Cake.

Take one cupful and a half of flour, and into it work a piece of butter the size of an egg, a teacupful of sugar, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavour with lemon, and work all into a light dough with one cupful and a half of sour milk. Make into small cakes, roll out, and bake quickly. Eat hot, split and buttered.

Russian Mince.

This is a good way of using up scraps of a joint. Cut up a pound of cold meat into dice. Chop up also any vegetables, ham, bacon, or suet pudding. Fry all lightly in a little dripping. Season highly with pepper, salt, finely-chopped onions, parsley, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, stir all together over the fire, and serve very hot. Garnish with sippets of toast.

Lobster Toast

Is a tasty supper dish. Take half a small tin of lobster, pick to pieces carefully to remove any shell; add a dessertspoonful of warmed butter, some chopped capers, and cayenne pepper. Pound all together till quite smooth, adding salt if necessary. Make thoroughly hot, and serve on squares of hot buttered toast. Garnish with rings of hard-boiled eggs, and serve.

Your Ginger Beer

May be made as follows, and will find a ready sale: Pour two gallons of boiling water on two pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce of ginger, and two ounces of cream of tartar. When nearly cold add two tablespoonfuls of yeast, spread on toasted bread. When quite cold strain and bottle it. If root ginger be used it should be boiled in the water for twenty minutes. (*Reply to* EVESHAM READER.)

Calf's Head Mould.

Is a very good dish that can be made from what is left of a boiled calf's head, which has been served hot. Take off carefully every scrap of meat. Rinse a plain mould in cold water, pour in a little plain aspic jelly, and when nearly stiff arrange the meat neatly, mixing with it a few hard-boiled eggs cut in slices and some pieces of ham. When the mould is almost full, pour in some more liquid aspic jelly, and leave to set. Turn out when quite cold, and serve garnished with parsley.

Fruit Blancmange.

Take one pound of any sharp fruit, such as currants, rhubarb, or gooseberries, stew it with half a pint of water and two ounces of sugar till tender, strain through a tammy sieve. Measure the liquor, put a pint into a stewpan, and moisten the cornflour with cold water. When the juice comes to the boil, pour it on to the cornflour, which should be quickly stirred. Return all to the stewpan, and stir while it boils for a few minutes. Pour into a wet mould. Serve with custard.

To Make Bread.

Put a quartern of flour into a pan, stir into it two teaspoonfuls of salt, make a hole in the middle of the flour, etc., but not quite to the bottom of the pan, and then mix two tablespoonfuls of yeast with half a pint of warm water and pour into the hole. Stir until a thin batter is obtained. Sprinkle this over with flour, cover the pan with a cloth, and let it stand in the warm for about an hour. Then add a pint of lukewarm water, and knead the whole well together till the dough comes clean from the hands. Cover the pan with a cloth, and set the dough to rise again. Make into loaves or twists, set to rise once more, and then bake. (*Reply to* BREAD.)

Kensington Cutlets.

Take two ounces of nicely boiled rice, mix it with some onion, which has been boiled and chopped, four ounces of cold minced beef or mutton, two ounces of finely-shredded suet, and one ounce of breadcrumbs. Season with salt, pepper, and cayenne, and a few drops of some hot sauce. Make into a smooth paste with some warm stock, and spread on a plate, smoothing the top over with a knife dipped in hot water. Let the paste stand for two hours to cool, then cut into neat cutlets, dip into egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a nice golden brown. Take a hot dish, arrange on it a narrow mound of potatoes, and place the cutlets on it. Garnish with parsley, and serve.

THE BEST-DRESS BODICE.

LAST week we published the design of a very pretty skirt—so pretty that many readers will probably make a whole costume, and would like suggestions for a bodice suitable to go with that skirt. No. 17031, shown here, is just the thing.

No. 17031. Paper Pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Cashmere, voile, or hopsack was suggested for the skirt, and nothing could be more suitable than either of those three fabrics for the bodice. This is a most economical design as regards trimming, for, save a short length of piece lace and a dozen fancy buttons, nothing is needed for adornment.

The bodice is lined throughout and fastens at the centre front, the lace vest hooking independently on the left. At the back, the pointed revers form a square collar of the sailor type, the whole being edged with a kilting of the material. But the collar and revers should be mounted last of all, the tucked fronts and pleated back being first incorporated with the lining at the under-arm and shoulder seams. The short puff sleeve is also lined, the material-sleeve over it, being so tucked that it fits the lining exactly. Introduce some tailor's canvas into collar-band, cuffs, revers, etc., if you would have them look really well.

As to material, a yard and three-quarters will be quite sufficient.

MAN'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT.

AGES ago, when woman sat high upon a pedestal, chivalrous knights danced around her feet and looked up, vying with one another in pretty speeches. They likened her unto an angel and a saint to compensate her for the trying position she must hold on the top of the column.

But the woman of to-day, the intelligent, thinking woman, does not receive the barefaced flattery in which men were wont, years ago, to indulge. If she looks well, and a man openly and frankly tells her so, she is pleased, for she is still a woman.

But if he tells her that she is an angel, that she has a divine light in her eyes, she laughs, and he—if he has not realised it before—knows she is right. She is not an angel, and there is nothing divine in the light in her eyes.

Man's greatest compliment to woman is to seek her companionship, give her his confidence, and ask her advice. That is the true compliment of the twentieth century, the sort woman seeks.

BEE-KEEPING FOR WOMEN.

A WOMAN bee-keeper is surprised that in these days, when so many doors are opening to women, that so few adopt bee-keeping as a means of support. It is a congenial occupation.

A "bee woman" who would succeed must not be easily discouraged. She must be willing to work hard and often early and late during part of the year.

As bee-keeper she must have a good degree of health and vigour, especially if she works without an assistant, because there is of necessity much lifting and often many hours upon the feet. Yet it is surprising how much hard work one can endure in the open air when one's interest is thoroughly enlisted. There is probably no more healthful occupation, and for those broken in health from mental overwork or close confinement indoors the business is ideal.

It is not necessary that a woman should have no fear of bees at the start in order to become a successful apiarist. Such fear, of course, must be overcome rapidly or will prove an inconvenient obstacle; but experience shows that acquaintance rarely fails to establish relationships of the most pleasant character between the busy little honey makers and their owners.

To be sure there are the stings, but fortunately the human system soon becomes immune to the poison, and the bee-keeper takes little notice of the matter. Occasionally a person fails to win immunity from suffering, and even finds it dangerous to risk being stung. Such persons should give up all thought of bee-keeping.

A REAL LADY.

THE most noticeable feature about a real lady is that she never makes herself conspicuous in the slightest degree. She dresses, talks, walks, and acts quietly. She is dressed so modestly and appropriately that she is not conspicuous.

She never adopts flaring hats and gaudy colours simply because they are the fashion; she never laughs so loudly that people turn to look at her, and she tries to cultivate "that most excellent thing in a woman—a soft voice."

To be a true lady means to be a good many things. It means modesty, gentleness, self-control, and thoughtfulness for others' welfare.

Try to realise that it is better to be ladylike than to be "stylish," when to be the latter means that you must wear a ridiculous hat and impossible shoes.

All men admire and respect the woman who is a lady as well as a woman. They know that if she is a lady in the truest sense of the word she is gentle, and there is not a man living who does not love gentleness.

When you find your voice and laughter growing loud and attracting attention, just pause and ask yourself: "Am I behaving as a lady would?" When you are choosing your clothes avoid conspicuous effects.

Be a lady in looks as well as actions.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A House Cleaning Hint.

Save wooden meat-skewers, as they are useful for getting into corners when scrubbing paint, etc. Let a skewer soak in the bucket while you are scrubbing wainscoting. After being used once or twice it forms a little brush and is invaluable.

The Dripping

From roast meat, the skimmings of soups, and rendered-down fat from meat trimmings serve the same purpose, when clarified thoroughly, as lard or butter. Use beef dripping for basting beef and game, keep mutton dripping for frying cutlets, fish, etc.

To Clean Windows Easily.

When you are turning out a room, make some powdered whitening into a thin paste with cold water, smear this all over the panes with a piece of rag. When dry, lightly rub off, and polish the glass with clean dusters. The window is thus cleaned easily and quickly.

How to Save Starch.

After using a bowl of starch do not throw away what is left. Put the basin on one side, and when the starch has dropped to the bottom pour off the water. Place the basin in the oven for five minutes. The starch will be found in hard cakes, and can be put away ready for use another day. (*Reply to* HOUSEWIFE, Bolton.)

To Remove Inkstains from Clothes.

If a teaspoonful and a half of salt is added to a gill of milk, it will remove inkstains from either white or coloured things. If the stains have been allowed to remain for some time they must be left soaking in the milk for one or two hours, but they should, if possible, be removed at once. Fruit stains may also be taken out in the same manner.

Before Taking a House.

Be it cottage or mansion, always insist on having the drainage arrangements carefully inspected by a sanitary inspector. Do not take anyone's assurance that they are all right, and do not rest till you have a new certificate. If this were always done, many cases of typhoid, blood poisoning, and so on, might be avoided.

The Fly Pest.

Commence your hunt at once, and destroy the first flies that appear, or they will quickly multiply. Wash over the place they frequent with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water. I have killed great quantities of flies by peppering the place they frequent with insect powder. This makes the flies sleepy, and, after a little while, they can be swept up and burnt. The following is a good recipe for a larder: Mix together one teaspoonful of black pepper and sugar, mix with a teaspoonful of cream or butter, and spread on a plate in the room where the flies are troublesome. We find that by hanging up fly wheels we destroy thousands every year. (*Reply to* ISLANDER.)

Incipient Consumption. How Food Headed off the Insidious Disease.

The happy wife of a good old-fashioned farmer says:—

"In the spring of 1902 I was taken sick—a general breaking down, as it were. I was excessively nervous, could not sleep well at night, my food seemed to do my no good, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk across the room.

"The doctor said my condition was due to overwork and close confinement, and he very much feared consumption would set in. For several months I took one kind of medicine after another, but only seemed to grow worse.

"Then I determined to quit all medicines, give up coffee, and see what Grape-Nuts food would do for me. I began to eat Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream and bread and butter three times a day.

"The effect was surprising! I began to gain flesh and strength forthwith, my nerves quieted down, and sleep came back to me. In six weeks' time I commenced to do my own housework again for a family of six. This was two years ago, and I am doing it still, and enjoy it." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in the packets.

"How to Play Lawn Tennis." Read a tennis champion's advice in the June RAPID.

£15 for Each Winner.

I AM glad to say that the first Limerick Competition has been a huge success. You will remember that we guaranteed to pay out at least £10 in prizes. As a matter of fact, the amount to be distributed will be about £150! This, divided amongst ten competitors, will bring each about £15. Another contest is announced on the front page of this number, and you would do well to enter for it without delay.

The First Limericks.

IN reference to the limericks, A. A. W. D. writes: "I and my sister, Lady de Horsey, the wife of Admiral Sir Algernon de Horsey, are the only two living people who can give an account of the origin of all these lyrics, nonsense verses, and limericks, as they have been called. In 1856 we were passengers in a sailing ship from the Cape to England *viâ* Rotterdam. We were becalmed for a fortnight on the Line, and among us we wrote what we called the 'Fop Smidt' (the name of the ship), 'Lyrics' to while away the time. I have them all in a diary which I kept of the voyage. The one which will most interest you (as the hairy man) is on the carpenter of the ship, who had a magnificent beard and moustache, but who turned up one morning clean-shaven. He was at once hit off thus:

"'The carpenter's next on my list,
A man who'd be painfully missed.
Oh, why weren't we there
When he shaved off his hair,
The razor to take from his fist.'"

A Canine Mother's Love.

NEARLY three years ago a reader asked me the best breed of dog to take to India, and I told him a bull-terrier, adding, that a great friend of mine who had just gone out to rejoin his regiment had taken one with him. From time to time I have had splendid accounts of the doings of AYESHA—as he called her—and now comes news of her death. She had a litter of puppies a short time ago, and was very ill after it. As the puppies got older and stronger AYESHA grew weaker and took, at last, a dislike to them—at least, so everyone supposed. It was not quite true. One morning poor AYESHA was carried out on to the verandah, as usual, and lay there very weak and ill. One of her pups was playing in the compound, and suddenly—so a native servant told my friend—a big wild dog came in and tackled it. The little chap put up a plucky little fight, which, of course, was no good. Then AYESHA tossed off her blanket, staggered rather than ran—for she had not walked for some days—across the compound and rushed in to the defence of her child. She killed the big, wild dog, but she was terribly bitten, and, anyway, the effort would have proved fatal. She died about an hour afterwards. My friend says he will never keep another dog, because none could ever fill the place that plucky, devoted AYESHA had in his heart.

An Unbalanced Critic.

LAUGHING BOB, who writes from Glasgow, suffers from what he calls an awkward affliction. He says he has a well-developed critical faculty, and can read from the faces of people who sit near him in the train or in church what is passing in their minds. And as the result of his reading tells him that most of these people are stupid, pedantic, and unnatural, and have a lot of hypocrisy about them, he cannot help laughing as he contemplates their solemn faces. Even if he succeeds in controlling his lips, he finds he is still laughing with his eyes, though how he discovers this latter detail without a pocket looking-glass he omits to mention. And he wants to know how to control those tell-tale, laughing eyes.——Well, BOB, the fact is your well-developed critical faculty isn't very nicely balanced. It has a bias on the wrong side. There is unfortunately no commoner faculty in life than the ability to detect the failings of other people; and when your view of the matter leads you to the conclusion that everybody else is hopelessly wrong while you alone are right, it is time for a little business-like stock-taking. A critical faculty is not well-developed that cannot detect the good points as well as the indifferent ones, and it was, if you remember, a Scotsman who wished that some power would give us the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us. Try and cultivate that gift, and the effect of it may be to lead you to laugh a little less readily, and to think a little more deeply.

The Cigarette Ash Joke.

MATCH was having tea at the house of a friend the other day, and after the meal cigarettes were lighted. The young men of the house kept dropping their ash on to the floor, and when their mother remonstrated with them they said it was "good for the carpet." Their mother laughed and said no more. MATCH has heard this idea before, and wants to know if cigarette ash is really "good for the carpet," and if so, why.——It is a very old joke, MATCH. Cigarette ash is not really good for the carpet, but the idea is that by throwing it down it is very easy to see next morning whether the carpet has been swept properly or not. The ash shows clearly on a dark floor, you see.

A Book Borrower's Victim.

HAROLD is one of those unfortunate people who have lost many books by "lending" them to friends. "It seems so rude to refuse point blank when a friend, after looking at your books, asks the loan of one," he says, "but really the way in which people borrow and 'forget' makes it necessary to do something in self-defence."——One neat plan, HAROLD, is to have framed just above your bookshelf the motto "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." Visitors always take the hint, and do not regard it as in anyway rude. Another method is to say laughingly just before showing a friend your books: "By the way, it is an iron rule of mine never to lend a book to anybody—I've suffered too much in the past." The friend is quite certain to laugh in his turn and say, "Quite right, old man."

That's So—Yo Ho.

H. L. D., of the Royal Navy, sends particulars of what he calls a remarkable thing. A launch comes up alongside his ship, and the "bowman," placing one end of the boathook against the gangway of the ship and the other end against his chest, pushes for all he is worth, and a little more. Presently H. L. D. observes that, although the "bowman" has walked from the bow of the launch to the stern, he is still standing (like Scotland) where he did, that is, immediately opposite the gangway of the ship.——I think, however, I have heard of more remarkable things than that, as, for instance, when you are punting up the river, and, having walked with your pole the length of the punt, find the pole absolutely dragging you after it into the water by sheer brute force. When H. L. D. says that the "bowman" walked from bow to stern he will see that he means that the bowman merely lifted up his feet while the launch did the walking all the time.

Mr. Punch's Phrase.

WHAT is the meaning of "common or garden order"? writes J. B. S.——The phrase, one would have thought, explains itself; still, as the sage has said, one never knows. It is generally supposed to have been captured from a work on horticulture, where a distinction was drawn between tropical or exotic plants, and their humbler cousins, which are hardy enough to stand the wear and tear of the British climate. There is, to quote a single instance, the cactus, which in its native wilds is a magnificent vegetable; and there is the common or garden variety of the same plant, which flourishes with a humbler and less assertive splendour in the suburban garden. A plant of really superior breeding will only flourish properly when surrounded by the luxuries to which it has been accustomed, and which has two or three servants and a medical attendant constantly waiting upon it; but many of these plants have poor relations that will struggle up to maturity even under the heavy hand of the amateur who runs his garden on tips supplied by the Sunday papers. The constant use of the phrase "common or garden" to distinguish the poor relation from the aristocratic branch of the family greatly impressed my esteemed contemporary, Mr. PUNCH, to whom I think is due the credit of applying it to other conditions of life and popularising it as a happy catchword.

The Girl a Stern Duty.

READER, who writes from Johannesburg, has been arguing with a friend over a very old question. The friend says that so long as a man's "people" are unable to keep themselves, he should remain a bachelor. READER replies that in that case a man has no right to fall in love with a girl, knowing, as he must do, that it may be many years before he will be in a position to marry.——So long as the care of aged parents remains a first charge on a small income, marriage is obviously not to be thought of. As to a man's having no right to fall in love with a girl, under such circumstances, however, that is another matter. A young man usually starts life with the conviction that he will remain a bachelor, as he cannot see what there is in girls to make a fellow put himself to the expense of marrying one of them. And then, one day, a little girl with brown hair and freckles, smiles demurely at him, and all at once he feels that there are no tasks so great that he would not willingly undertake them for her sweet sake. It is all very silly, of course, but it is the way the world is built, and it is too late to criticise the architecture now. When a man knows, however, that his dutiful care of his aged parents will absorb much of his income for many years, he should think twice before becoming engaged. On the other hand, optimism is a good thing, and it is not difficult for a young man to believe that he will soon be in a position to keep a wife in addition to making adequate provision for his parents, and provided the lady in the case is made fully acquainted with the position of affairs and is willing to wait, the right course would seem to have been taken. Indeed, such chapters in the history of the world's romance have been very numerous, and they have not all ended unhappily, either.

Sportsmen and the F.A.F.

I WANT this week to make a special appeal to sportsmen to give us a friendly hand with the good work of the F.A.F. I have just had a letter from one of my readers—a very keen cricketer—inclosing a postal-order for a couple of shillings, with a printed report of his club match of the previous Saturday, in which he knocked up the healthy total of 103.

"I have decided," he writes, "to send you a shilling every time I make fifty during the present season."

Now, don't you think that some of you other cricketers, who go off every Saturday afternoon to enjoy your favourite game, might do something of the same kind to help the little ones who never even get a breath of the fresh air you enjoy so much. I don't mean necessarily a shilling for every fifty; in some cases this wouldn't help the F.A.F. very much—would it?

Suppose, on the other hand, you were to send us ninepence every time you made a duck! You deserve some penalty, you know, and, as you walk back to the pavilion, sore at heart, after a destructive "yorker," or a deceptive "googly," you will have the compensation of knowing that what has been a disaster to you means a whole day of joy to some poor little child.

If you are a bowler you might send us along a penny or twopence for every wicket you take; or, as a fieldsman, you will only be doing your duty to your club if you fine yourself sixpence for every catch you "butter." You will be astonished to find how quickly your cricket improves.

There is no reason, of course, why this idea should be confined to cricketers. The royal and ancient pastime of golf, for instance, offers a fruitful field for possible contributions. Any player who would like to assist the F.A.F. can easily arrange some simple method that will add an additional interest to his game.

If he is counting by strokes, he might send us so much for every one above "bogey," or if he is playing a match, say threepence or sixpence for every hole he is down. A penny for every comment, such as "bother!" or "dear me!" or any of the other similar expressions, which I believe golfers frequently indulge in, might at first prove expensive, but it would be a most salutary tax, and the money could not be better spent.

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

THE following contributions to the Fresh Air Fund have come to hand since the list was published:

Amounts previously acknowledged, £1,074 6s. 7¾d.

Miss Woodgate Jones, £5; A Shaver, 9d.; E. Doran, 2s. 6d.; Edwin, 5s.; H. E. Turner, 5s.; G. F. Langley and Friends, 4s. 6d.; Robb Charleville, 10s.; May Giblett, 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. Langdon-Harford, 10s. 6d.; A. A. A., 5s.; A. Reeve, 9d.; Anon., £5; Anon., 1s. 6d.; P. King, 2s. 6d.; Anon., £5; A. H. and M. P., 4s.; Jim Bromley, 1s. 6d.; A. D. U., 1s. 6d.; Lepton, 9d.; F. L. E., 2s. 3d.; E. Smith, 10d; T C. P., 3s.; E. M. Horie, 1s.; E. C. P., £5; A. F. Cobb, £2; Pollie, 7s. 6d.; A Child Lover, 2s. 6d.; In Memory of "Dickie," 3s.; Miss Pendlebury, 5s.; G. W. H., 2s. 6d.; Major A. C. Morrison-Bell, £5; Lord Llangattock, £25; Tiggy, 1s. 6d.; Two Friends, 5s. 3d.; Gordon Gee, 3s.; Mr. D. Bogle, 2s.; Joe, 9d.; Anon., £5; Dick Turpin, £1 11s. 6d.; A., 2s. 3d.; J. Mills, £1 1s.; E. Stuart, £1; C. J. R. S., 10s.; A. J. Williams, 1s. 6d.; H. S., £2 2s.; F. W. Franks, £4 1s.

COLLECTED: Servants' Hall, Blackmoor, 17s.; Officers and Crew of s.s. *Dawlish*, £2 17s.; Miss J. McNay, £1 4s. 2½d.; Mrs. Johnson, 3s 3½d.; Evelyn and Kathleen, 3s.; H.M.S. *Vixen*, per R. C. Lloyd-Owen, 15s. 2d.; D. Donaldson, 3s.; Miss L. Johnson, £1 4s. 1d.; Miss Vera Mary Woodburn, £3 15s. 2d.; Officers and crew s.s. *White Head*, per R. Suffern, £2 4s.; J. Whaley, S. Africa, £2 6s.; Woolmer Hill Servants, 7s. 6d.

Grand (*P.W.*) Total £1,163 11s. 1¾d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the "Daily Express," Limited, the Standard Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Readers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their newsagents issues Nos. 854 to 881 inclusive, containing the first thirty-one sets of pictures, or they will be sent for 3s. to any part of Britain, or 3s. 9d. abroad, post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

One Cash Gift of £250. One Cash Gift of £100. One Cash Gift of £50.

One Cash Gift of £25. One Cash Gift of £15. One Cash Gift of £10. 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each. 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.

Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

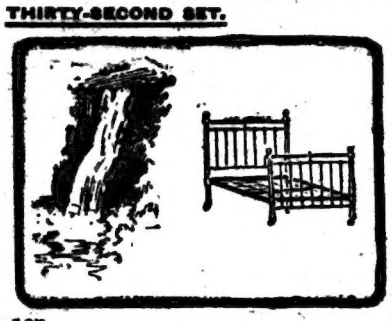
You have now to examine the pictures given, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut out the whole of this announcement, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions.

A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.

THIRTY-SECOND SET.



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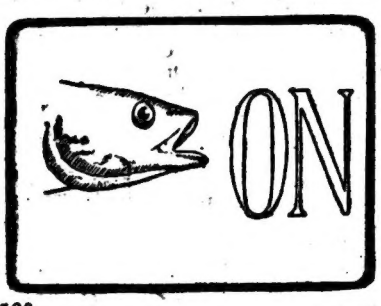

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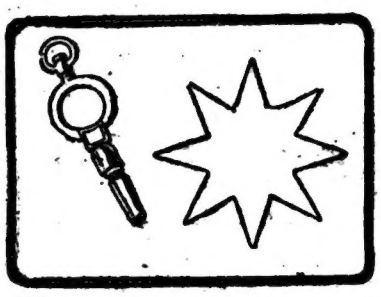

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Another set of pictures will appear next week.

Name..... *Address*.....

Full conditions governing this competition appeared in number 858, and will appear again.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By ELLEN TERRY,

HAS JUST STARTED IN M. A. P.

Copyright Photo] [Lallie Charles.

HAS JUST STARTED IN M. A. P.

ONE PENNY. M. A. P. EVERY THURSDAY.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1907.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.
Good Friday . March 29.	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24
Easter Monday . . April 1.	M 3 10 17 24	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday . May 20.	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Bank Holiday . . August 5.	W 5 12 19 26	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27
Christmas Day December 25.	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Boxing Day . December 26.	F 7 14 21 28	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29
	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30

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NEARLY £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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